

THE AMERICAN
Legion
MAY, 1947 MAGAZINE



**WHAT LABOR
WANTS** BY DAVE BECK



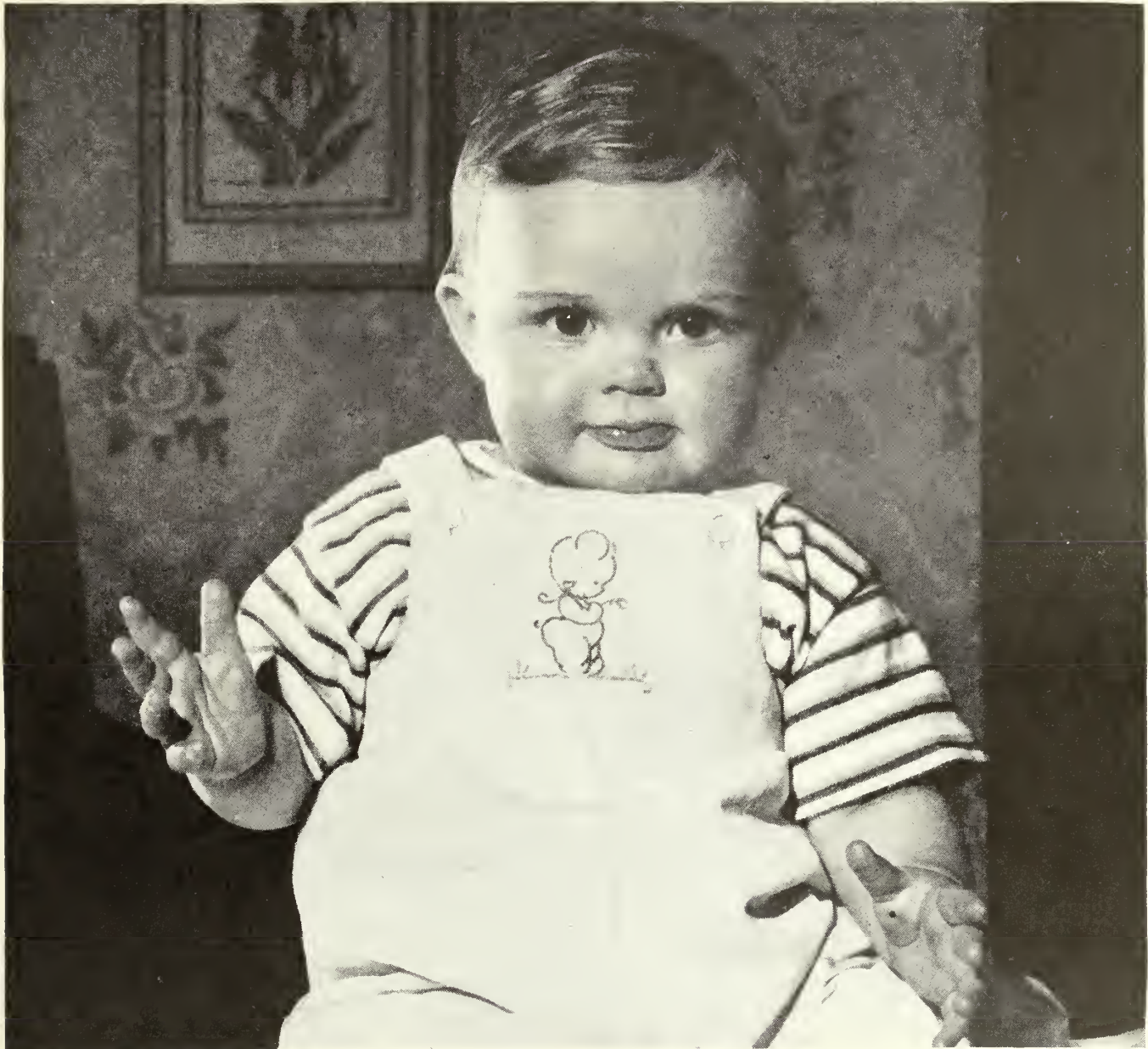
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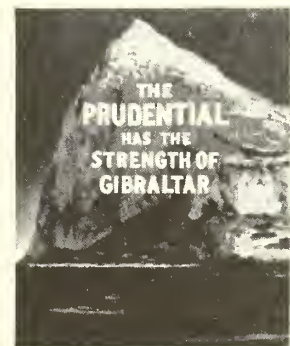
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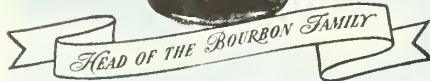


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THE AMERICAN Legion

VOL. 42

MAY, 1947

MAGAZINE

NO. 5

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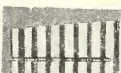
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LOOK FOR
THE NEW RED
AND GREEN BOX

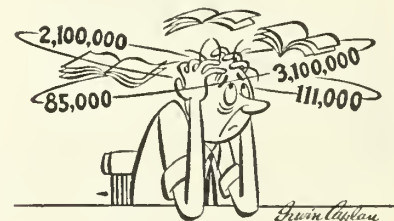


COVER artist Oscar F. Schmidt was working pretty much from personal experience and observation when he painted this month's cover. He has three children, all boys and all ball players. Says Brooklynite Schmidt: "Even at my advanced age I am obliged to pick up a glove and cavort on the diamond, or act as a receiver for my oldest son, who fancies himself as a pitcher."

Operation-Circulation

A lot of people have asked us in recent months why we continue to put out an abridged Pony Edition; why every Legionnaire can't get his copy of the regular size American Legion Magazine each month.

The answer to this, of course, is that we are unable to buy sufficient paper. Since the end of WW2 the nation-wide paper shortage has become less acute but it is still critical. During the past year and a half we have more than doubled our monthly paper purchases. But during this same period we have almost tripled our circulation, which means that every bit of extra paper we could lay our hands on has gone to provide additional copies of the



magazine for the thousands of WW2 veterans who have been added to our circulation lists each week.

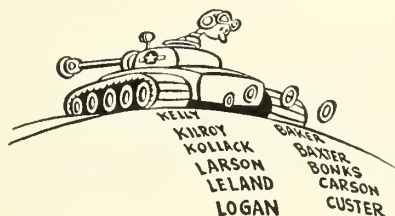
The total press run for this issue of the American Legion Magazine is in the vicinity of

ity of 3.7 million copies, of which some 2,100,000 are being printed in the regular edition, and the remainder in the Pony Edition.

With the forthcoming July issue the circulation of the regular edition will be increased to 3,100,000 copies. As soon as possible we will increase it still further, until we are able to completely eliminate the Pony Edition and provide a copy of the regular edition to every subscriber. In addition, we plan to increase the size of the magazine at least until we are again putting out a 64-page book.

To our Circulation Department the Pony Edition is a constant headache; an exceedingly large headache. It receives an average of 85,000 changes of address each month (the figure was 111,000 in January) and the 151 employees in this department are kept constantly busy trying to bring these addresses up to date. In addition, an effort is made to so rotate the circulation of the Pony Edition among our readers that during the course of a year each subscriber will receive approximately the same number of Pony Editions as his next door neighbor or a buddy half way across the country.

From one end to another this rotation



business is handled strictly on an alphabetical basis. When your subscription card is received in our circulation offices a stencil is made containing your name, address and the expiration date of your subscription. It is then attached, in alphabetical order and by means of small hook-like joints, to similar stencils containing the names of all other Legionnaires in your town. When this operation is finished your stencil forms one link in a long chain of stencils which looks very much like the tracks on which a tank or caterpillar tractor runs. Then this chain is attached to similar chains containing addresses in other towns in your state. When a total of 2,500 to 3,000 stencils have been joined in this manner they are placed on a reel resembling telephone cable reels. Sometimes a number of reels are required for a single city; in other cases only two are needed for an entire state.

There are approximately 1,400 reels in all, and these must be rotated each month so that no single group of subscribers will receive more than their fair share of either edition. All of which constitutes one of our reasons for being glad that we aren't in the circulation end of this business. D.S.

He doesn't need a moon...



He's got that special attraction called P.A.*

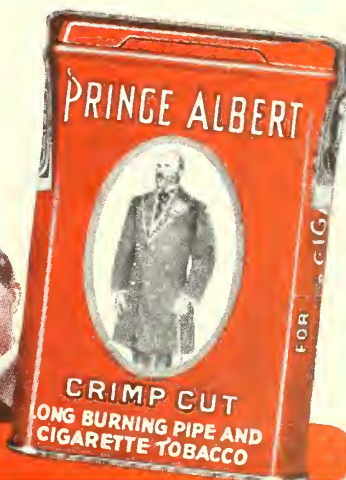
P.A.* means **Pipe Appeal**
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He won't change
from shoes to slippers —
because he's enjoying
Massagic Comfort



This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

QUESTIONS TO ASK YOURSELF

Sir: We, the returned veterans, give voice to many complaints and certainly some of them are valid. Whether the veteran's problem has been housing, high prices, scarcities or employment, the complaint most often heard is, "How soon they have forgotten!" This criticism is directed at those who remained at home and were spared the particular difficulties which we experienced in the armed forces. Let us pause and ask ourselves, as veterans, a simple, soul-searching question. "Who has forgotten most?" Have we, as individuals, been true to our memories? How many widows, orphans and aged parents of fallen comrades do you actually know? Have we kept faith with our sacred dead? And, if not, how can we criticize those others who were not there to see and share? Many of our comrades were wounded. Have you done anything for one of these except pat him on the back when you crossed his path by accident? Have you applied your mind energetically to the solution of those problems of rehabilitation which cannot be cured by vocational training and pension? Have you joined a veterans organization? Have you learned that the first purpose of all great organizations of veterans is to render service to the dependents of our honored dead and to those who are disabled? Have you sought the active and time-consuming committee work that translates these high ideals into real accomplishments? Or have you been interested in programs for amusement and entertainment? It is not enough just to gripe about things as they are. If you are not satisfied with your answers to these questions, then get busy about them. You can make a start in your own church, neighborhood, civic club or veterans organization. If you are not prepared to serve, then ask yourself again, "Who has forgotten most?"

MOULTON AVERY
Greensboro, North Carolina

WHO'S GOT THE BUTTONS?

Sir: As an old member of The American Legion I would like to know why more of our Legionnaires do not wear Legion buttons. I am in show biz and travel a good many

States. I find about one-fifth of the Legionnaires wear buttons. I suggest they all wear the button or get out of the Legion. Let's get some action on this.

PAUL W. RICHMOND
Los Angeles

AGAIN SURPLUS

Sir: Most of us are looking for bargains and need to find them to get started again. Why should not the Legionnaire have a priority for the surplus merchandise that our Government is offering for sale? We should be notified in advance of the sales and particulars of the articles that are for sale—through the medium of THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE. Instead, the surplus merchandise is being sold to non-members or foreigners and even enemies of the U.S. who in turn have resold the merchandise to Legionnaires at more than double the price they paid.

FLOYD HUGER
Cannes, France

The law says that veterans do have a priority, though a lot of ex-service men will argue the point. Listing in this magazine all the articles that the WAA has for sale would give us a publication a good deal larger than the combined Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues.

THE EDITORS

KIND WORDS

Sir: What's happened? Your journal has in my estimation suddenly come to life. For years I've glanced at it each month—that's all. Then comes 1947. A real job. Congratulations. Keep it up.

HERMAN LAPAT
Wilmette, Illinois

CALLS FOR NAMES

Sir: Three letters concerning the so-called "caste system" appear on your *Sound Off!* page for January. Only one of the writers had the guts to sign his name. While I do not agree with Mr. Cunningham's letter, as a general picture, I do respect him for having the courage to sign his name to his letter. There is no caste system in the Army or Navy. There is, however, a class system the same as in civilian society. I served as an enlisted man quite some time before I earned my commission, and I found as many "overbearing and arrogant" enlisted men as officers. Neither the officer nor the enlisted class has a monopoly on the kind of men known as heels. I am sorry that some ex-enlisted men picture as much as 95 percent of the officers as heels and only 5 percent as right guys. The figures should be reversed—about 5 percent heels for both the enlisted and officer corps, and about 95 percent right guys.

JACK R. SMITH
Arcadia, California

On the subject of names, we wish to remind our readers again that all letters must bear

the names and authentic addresses of the writers. Please do not write us if you are not willing to give us this evidence of good faith. Your name will not be used if you say so.

THE EDITORS

UNEXCITING MILITARY LIFE

Sir: As a former member of a line outfit with the 83d Infantry Division in Europe during World War II, I got a big kick out of the sketch in *Parting Shots* for January telling of the physical dangers encountered by civilian workers in Government offices during wartime. Needless to say, however, the same may be applied to many categories of the military itself. In the last analysis, a relatively small proportion actually experienced anything worth getting excited about.

WILFRED S. REYNOLDS, JR.

REGISTERING FIREARMS

Sir: It's about time for all of us in the Legion to get together and do something about this anti-firearms legislation that seems to creep up in some underhanded manner on frequent occasions. Why should we have to register our sporting guns (a perfect set-up for subsequent confiscation) which are as much a part of our American way of life as are the other rights we fought the last two wars to preserve? Could it be that certain elements within this country know that there is no better protection for a democratic country than that of its free, armed citizens? Let's make these gentlemen who represent us know how we feel about this business. Fortunately there are few Senators or Congressmen who are eager to "protect" us by having none of those "terrible, nasty weapons" around, but they should be put wise once and for all. After all, I for one don't want to be required to consult a half dozen laws and get someone's permission when I feel like doing a little rabbit shootin'.

WILLIAM G. EAGLE
Lynbrook, New York

WHO'S AN INDUSTRIALIST?

Sir: The letter of Thomas C. Arnold in your February issue is a good example of the loose thinking that has made the American people such suckers for propaganda for a generation past. He places the Garssons, Nickel and Whitney in the ranks of industry, where none of them belong. Prior to 1941 Murray Garsson had no connection with industry, big or little, Nickel was a promoter, selling stock in a non-existent industry, and Whitney never was anything but a stockbroker, no more an industrialist than a bookie is a race track owner. Let Comrade Arnold dig up from the ranks of industrial management, per se, a Brown, Bioff, Fay, or figure comparable to any of the other numerous ex-convicts and racketeers dominant in any union, then sound off.

HUNTER LOVELACE
Los Angeles

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... NO SALE! What an appropriate comment on his hair! It looks so dry and stringy . . . and filled with loose dandruff. Too bad . . . when it's so easy to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic: Hey! Why don't I give *him* a tip!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



WHY PUT UP with Dry Scalp when it's so simple to check with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic? A few drops a day do the trick. Your hair regains its natural look . . . your scalp is no longer plagued by loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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The savings of many people helped build the Bell System which serves so many people and gives employment to 625,000 men and women.



**BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM**

HEROES' RETURN

BY KARL BAARSLAG



**MORE THAN 200,000 OF OUR
HONORED DEAD IN WORLD
WAR II ARE BEING RETURNED
FOR FINAL BURIAL**

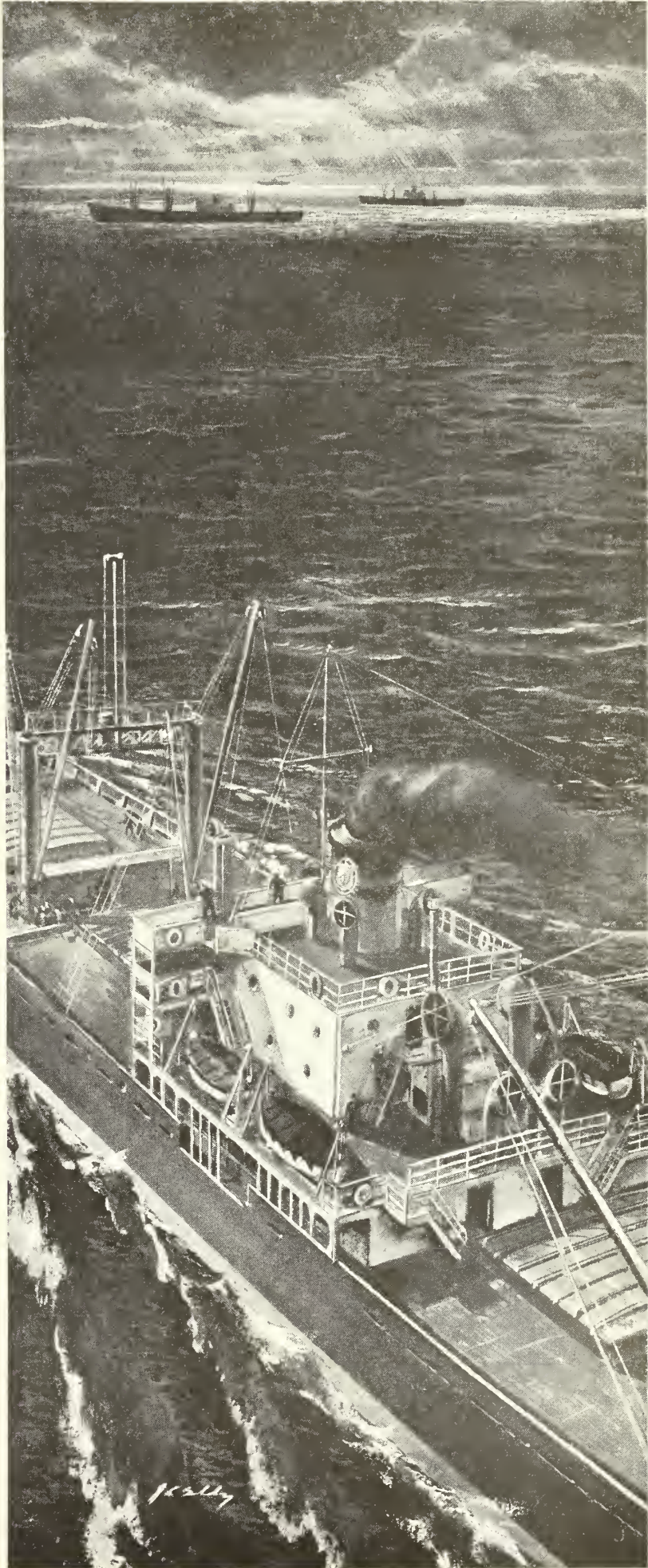


IN THE fall of 1947 a sombre, gray funeral ship will steam into San Francisco bay. The first of America's 328,000 valiant dead who fell on far-flung battlefields in this nation's greatest of all wars will be at home at last, two years after the end of hostilities in the Pacific. At about the same time the first contingent from the battlefields of Europe will arrive in New York. The armed services, The American Legion and other organizations are planning appropriate memorial services.

Behind the vast program of returning our war dead to their native soil is an inspiring story of one of the greatest organized searches in all history. The Graves Registration Service of the Quartermaster Corps during the past two years without fanfare of publicity has quietly conducted a gigantic, world-wide search for the body of every fallen American no matter how slight the clue or remote and inaccessible the grave. In Europe alone over 10,000 trained personnel combed over a million and a half square miles of land seeking to recover an estimated 25,000 missing Americans.

Other thousands of patient searchers struggled on foot through steaming Burmese and New Guinea jungles, explored remote valleys of the high Himalayas and the hinterland of western China, or painstakingly scoured thousands of the stepping-stone islands of the vast Pacific. They used helicopters, oxcarts, motor cars, dog sleds, spotting planes, and amphibious equipment—virtually every known type of transport. In some utterly wild (*Continued on page 44*)

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES KELLY





The workingmen of America are as interested in the welfare of the country as any other group, says Dave Beck, and they won't like it if special laws are written telling them how to behave

WHAT LABOR WANTS

BY DAVE BECK

IF YOU would believe the newspaper headlines of the past year, there is today no common ground on which labor and management can meet. If that is true it is enough to scare anybody, for then the public is doomed to be caught in the middle of a struggle which will end only when either labor or management has been utterly victorious over the other in a fight to control American industry.

I am going to say that this is absurd, for there *is* a common meeting ground. But first I want to point out that I am not dreaming up an argument. Many people in America, some of them frightened and others determined, are saying we must have a fight to the finish before we will have industrial peace. It is ironic, and may some day seem funny, that the biggest boosters of such a war between all Americans are (a) the Communists, who will settle for nothing less than the total domination of America by the "worker" and (b) the extremists in industry, who want labor suppressed for once and for all. Strange bedfellows indeed—yet bedfellows they are in their desire to line you up in a war against the fellow next door. Probably neither of these groups would have much influence today if the other weren't present as a bogey man. But each is frightening new members into its ranks daily by pointing at the other, and if they have their way we may yet see an entirely unnecessary internal struggle between each man and his neighbor. We mustn't let that happen. It is possible for America to produce enough for all, and for American democracy to solve our differences.

As one of many labor union officials who claim a keen interest in the public welfare, I must speak out against the sentiment in some quarters that labor



Legionnaire Dave Beck, shown above, lives in Seattle and is Vice President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, AFL. He wrote the accompanying article on our invitation, having been assured he would be given a free hand in setting forth the objectives of Labor as he sees them.

**ALEXANDER GARDINER, Editor
The American Legion Magazine**

ought to be deprived of its right to strike. Many Americans share the view that the right to strike must be curtailed, but I wonder if they are not unduly alarmed by newspaper scareheads.

Industrial peace, like all much wanted things, is easier to destroy than to create. It is always easier to talk about wrong ideas, wrong methods and wrong policies than it is accurately to suggest right ideas, right methods, and right policies.

Labor and management today are feeling the pains of reconverting. During the war the members of American Federation of Labor unions observed their strike pledges and piled up a produc-

tion record unequalled in world history. They deserve no special praise for this. Plainly it was their duty.

When the war ended, capital and labor, who, in spite of the Communists, are more inherently friendly than otherwise, became involved in a long series of disputes which have seriously disturbed the public. We of the labor unions are trying to readjust our people from war to peace. Industry is trying to do the same thing. Both are having difficulties. In my opinion these difficulties are about what should have been expected in the situation. However, labor and management have an equal stake in the solution of the difficulties and must work out their problems as co-custodians of American prosperity.

What strikes me forcibly is that so many people feel that out of punishing and vindictive legislation against labor will come a solution to the reconversion problems of labor and management and an impetus to the welfare of the country. Nothing could be further from the truth. The strife of the past year has been, in the main, part of the post-war disjointedness of the entire country. Will not vindictive laws permanently wound labor for its part in a painful postwar adjustment to which no activities in the country were immune? Will not such laws help insure that the postwar difficulties between labor and management become a permanent breach? I think so. Certainly any other solution had better be tried first, and time must be allowed for judgment. In the entire Congress today one man votes the Communist party line. Certainly labor, without whose votes many Congressmen could not hold office, has shown its faith in the Congress and will receive some faith in return.

I can hold (*Continued on page 26*)



OH, THE EAGLES THEY FLEW LOW

BY ROARK BRADFORD

Illustration
by Wallace Morgan

YESTERDAY was payday. Last night was good-timing. But this morning!

"Ah, Lawd!" groaned Bugaboo Jones. "De man must er put some turpentine in my gin."

"Nawp," corrected Iron Man, "hit was coaloil, f'm de way my mouf tastes."

The two Mississippi River steamboat roustabouts were seated on stools in the Elite Cafe, drinking coffee and nursing king-size hangovers. It was mid morning in July, and the only other customer in

the little Rampart Street restaurant was a small, copper-colored man at the far end of the counter. The two roustabouts had come ashore the night before with their pockets bulging with payday. The Old Cap'm was going to put the steamboat into dry dock for two weeks and there was nothing ahead of them but fourteen days of fun. Last night, the prospect had been pleasant. But life as

a deck hand on a steamboat, though a healthy and vigorous existence, does not condition a man to the gay iniquities of night life in New Orleans.

"Bring me a mess er dem pork chops, lady," Bugaboo ordered after finishing his second cup of coffee. "If I'm got to stay in dis town for two weeks I'm got to do some eatin'."

"Two weeks," sighed Iron Man. "I don't believe I got hit in me."

"You kin do anything you got to do,"



The Shark pulled out his pistol. "You's mutinyin' on de high seas," he said

Bugaboo reminded him. "You hyared de Cap'm say hit'd be two weeks before de boat gits ready." Bugaboo was big and tall and high chested. He talked more readily than his companion. He never had to stop and think of what he was going to say; he just opened his mouth and said the first thing that came to tongue. Iron Man, built on less symmetrical lines but no less strong, was shorter and slower. The pair was rated as the best cotton rolling and hog hoisting team on the river.

"I can't do hit," Iron Man declared.

"Efn one more night like last night don't kill me off, well you can bury me anyhow. I'd never know de diffrence. Lady, bring me a mess er dem pork chops, too, wid flap jackets stuck in between."

**BUGABOO AND IRON MAN
THOUGHT THEY WERE EM-
BARKING ON A PLEASURE
CRUISE, BUT THE SLICK
TALKING SKIPPER HAD
OTHER PLANS FOR THEM**

The little man at the other end of the counter slid over the stools toward them. "Y'all boys lookin' for a boat?" he asked, politely.

"Naw. We know whar de boat is at," Bugaboo explained. "De trouble is, de boat gonter be laid up for two weeks."

"I mean," went on the stranger, "is y'all lookin' for some yuther boat to work on?"

"Us?" demanded Iron Man, indignantly. "Us is Mississippi River rousters, son. Us don't mess around wid dem little old bayou boats."

The man changed his approach. "Mississippi River boys, hunh?" he repeated, as *(Continued on page 46)*



BY
RICHARD SEELYE
JONES

THE LEGION: *AS WE WERE*

TO UNDERSTAND the Legion as an American phenomenon, a quick approach is to imagine that no American Legion existed. This thought recalls the Voltairian saying that if God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him. Events since August, 1945, make it quite clear that if no American Legion had then existed, it would certainly have been invented. At the close of the World War I there was no such society, and it was promptly created.

To imagine that there was no Legion after the second war it would be necessary also to imagine that there was no U.S. Veterans Administration, no G.I. Bill of Rights, no Veterans' hospitals whatsoever, almost no legal rights for healthy veterans as such and no care

for disabled veterans beyond the minimum rates of compensation copied from laws arising out of earlier conflicts. Also no facilities for the social and fraternal association of ex-service men and women. Such were the conditions at the end of 1918, when World War I terminated in the Armistice of November 11.

Any study of The American Legion today, naturally starts with a review of the society of veterans of the First World War.

The historical dates and meeting places and persons concerned in the formation of the Legion in 1919 are less important than the plan of organization. Its basis was one of equal membership open to every ex-service person of the First World War whose service

was honorable. There was no military rank or title in the society, and it was entirely a civilian body. One man's vote was equal to another's. Its Post meetings were on the town meeting plan with every member eligible to speak and vote. Its state conventions were made up of delegates from the Posts on a per capita basis, and its national conventions of delegates from the States, again in numbers proportioned to the paid-up membership. Membership was at all times voluntary, and renewable annually.

Certain declarations of principles had been made, definitely tentative, at the organizing caucuses of the Legion at Paris in March, 1919, and at St. Louis in May, 1919, as expressed in the preambles to the temporary constitutions

Officers and enlisted men from fighting units in France gathered in Paris on March 15-17, 1919, to organize a veteran association. It became The American Legion

adopted at those meetings. No policies were adopted until the first representative convention met at Minneapolis on November 11, 1919, the first anniversary of the Armistice. That convention also adopted the permanent constitution and provided methods for its amendment. The first eight months following the Paris meeting had seen 684,000 ex-service persons join the new organization, and their delegates came from every State and several territories.

What the society thus launched and has since accomplished may be considered in two segments—the social and fraternal phases of organized veteranism, and the working phases. While the latter have for years attracted wider public attention, it is not practical to forget that any large organization of veterans is based on the comradeship

The men who formed The American Legion had fought their war for America, believed the U. S. was the best country on earth, and proposed to keep it so. This is the story of their aims and how they were carried out

of arms. The emotional experiences of armed service in war are many, and rise to a high spiritual plane which prompts men to deeds of sacrifice and valor. Each soldier is committed by the event of war to the offer of life itself for the cause of all. The final sacrifice is made by many, the commitment to that sacrifice is inherent in putting on the uniform. The memory of mutual service under that commitment and the events of that service form a deep and permanent fraternal tie.

Troops returning from France marching through the Victory Arch in New York. These were some of the men who made the Legion

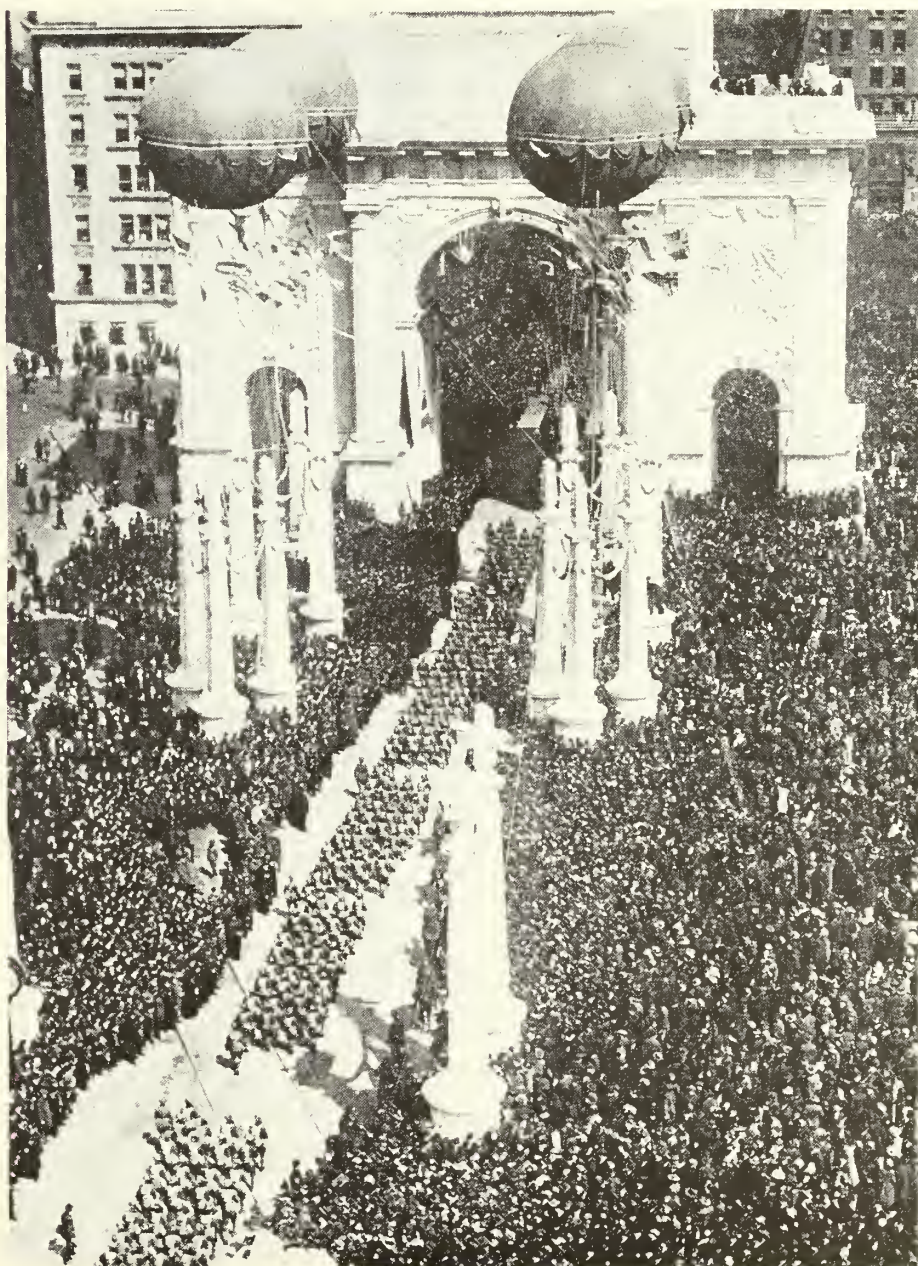
Whereas the fraternal spirit is deliberately created and stimulated in lodges, college fraternities and other groups, in veteran societies it is a condition already existent. While less talked about in The American Legion than in many smaller groups, its existence is one basis for the life of the organization. This spiritual understanding, of great strength but little outward display, finds expression in many ways, from the playful nonsense of the 40 and 8 inner circle to the solemn beauty of a Legion guard of honor at a comrade's burial. In this emotional and sentimental tie we find the cement which holds together the whole structure of organized veteranism.

The working phases of the Legion from the end of the first war to the end of the second may be sub-divided, although not too precisely, into the selfish and the unselfish endeavors of the order. The two overlap, but the division can be understood from an incomplete roster of examples. Under selfish aspirations we might list:

The care of disabled veterans, their compensation, hospitalization, vocational training and employment. The care of widows and orphans.

All pensions, bonuses or other cash benefits for all veterans.

All priorities in government or other employment and housing exemptions from taxation (*Continued on page 37*)



THE TIME FOR UMT IS NOW

BY PAUL H. GRIFFITH

National



Commander

WHEN THE National Defense, National Security, and National Legislative Committee of The American Legion met in Washington last January, and the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense was in session there, a great deal of attention was given to the need for Universal Military Training. A curious undertow of talk went around to the general effect that "of course UMT is right, but you can never get it through the Congress." The Legion representatives gave little heed to this talk, and went vigorously forward in determination that the Congress should receive a complete picture of the necessity for such training. Within a month after the defeatists had lamented that "the people don't understand and won't support universal training," the Gallup Poll of public opinion reported that 72 per cent of Americans favored a Universal Military Training law.

This question is now plainly before the Congress, and before the people of this country who elect the Congress. Are we going to take a definite, sensible and necessary step toward national preparedness? Or are we going to betray ourselves once more into a fool's paradise of wishful thinking, delay, debate, confusion and helplessness?

The American Legion has studied this question for 28 years and steadfastly advocated a course of preparedness through Universal Military Training. The American people did not, in the period between world wars, grasp the full meaning and necessity of such a program. We paid for that error in the slow mobilization, long periods of training, and added cost of the second war, a cost measured in blood and treasure. While the recent war was in progress President Roosevelt and many other leaders advocated a universal training law. The opponents of such pre-



The end of basic training finds a lad a better American

paredness said, "Wait until the war is over. See how things look then." We waited. The war is over. How do things look now?

The members of the Legion, having fought in one or both of two terrible wars which America entered unprepared, have advised their fellow countrymen by the resolutions of their 1946 national convention and the acts of their national committees last January exactly how things look. The reasons for Universal Military Training now are the same as the reasons we offered in 1919 and every year since 1919, only more so. President Truman advocates such a law—Now.

Those reasons include two which are fundamental. The first is that a prepared

America is most unlikely to be attacked by any aggressor nation. The second is that if attacked, a prepared America and only a prepared America can defend herself immediately and successfully. The first essential of preparedness in a free republic is for every citizen to be prepared to do his share in defense of that republic.

There are many auxiliary reasons why Universal Military Training should become law at once, but the basic reasons are to help keep the peace and to be safe against any possible aggressor. That training will benefit the health, advance the education, develop the character, courage and civic responsibility of every American youngster who takes a part in it.

If universal training required the "sacrifice" of one or several years of time by every young American, it would still be right and necessary. The proposal now before Congress, the Legion plan incorporated in H R 1983 offered by Representative Brooks, calls for no such long period, but for four months of basic training. To defeat it or delay it because of wishful hope for perpetual peace without effort, or frightened terror because war has become too dreadful to contemplate, would be the most arrant folly.

A strong United States is the world's best hope for peace today. The members of the Legion, experienced in war, have both a desire and a duty to help lead their country on the practical road to peace and preparedness. With the facts assembled and available through our National Defense and National Legislative Committees let us steadfastly and unceasingly keep this need before the Congress and the people until the plain and sensible course of action approved by the majority of American citizens is translated into law and action.



"I'm solid
for that rugged
lifeguard body!"



"Those 4-ring pistons
sure whittle down
runnin' cost!"

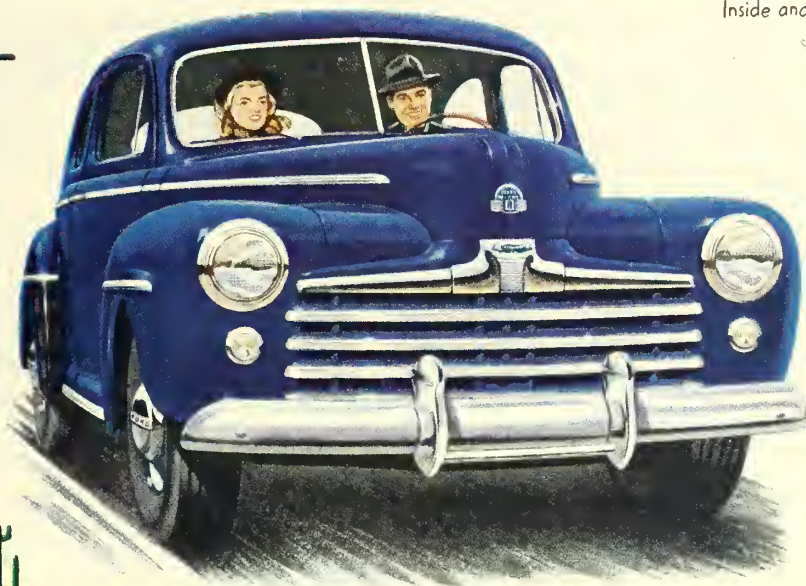
"V-8 or Six
Ford power
clicks!"



"Ford's longer, lower lines
steal all the glamour
shots!"



For '47 Ford's out Front ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!



"A thing of beauty, suh!
Inside and out, suh!"



"Deep in the Heart of
you know where,
we cotton to
King-size
brakes!"



"Plenty room for whole tribe!"



"I like that
go-places
look!"



There's a *Ford* in your future

Listen to the Ford Show
starring Dinah Shore on
Columbia Network stations
Wednesday evenings.



"That's the perfect end to a perfect day!"

Every day more sensible folks are switching to this
agreeably gentle whiskey, Calvert. It's such an amiable blend...
wisely light... pleasantly palatable in highball,
cocktail, or neat. We predict you'll be
delighted discovering for yourself why

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



MEMORIAL DAY 1947

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*Now that the final blood-soaked ridge is taken,
Now, while the victory smells bittersweet,
Never forget the boys no bells will awaken,
Sprawled on the cliff, spreadeagled in the wheat;
Salute our heroes who survived the slaughter
In all the hell-holes of earth's far-flung spaces;
But hail no less the lads who moaned for water,
And died, remembering distant fields and faces.
It is too simple, when the sun is kind,
When speeches, drums and salvos boom and bark,
To be as deaf, oblivious and blind
To Joe or Mike or Johnny in the dark—
That quiet kid from your own city block
Whose courage stained some high heroic rock.*

*Our orators, on future holidays,
Will work a new deposit, a rich yield,
And roll the fine resounding paraphrase
Of "...there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever...Boston...Butte...St. Paul..."
Some Soldier's little town from here or there,
And we will write his name up on a wall,
And time will blow his glory everywhere...
While his blood brightens the Italian hills,
While his sweat honors the dense Solomons,
While his flesh blooms in Norman daffodils,
While Africa and Burma suck his bones,
While a sick world drinks from the soul of youth
American courage and American truth.*

*By our young dead from Saipan to Saint Lo,
By freedom's flag on Suribachi flying,
By Huertgen Forest and the crimson snow,
By curlews over lonely crosses crying;
By the hard anger in the veteran's face,
By blood and sweat commingled, words unspoken,
By statesmen haggling in the market-place,
By solemn pledges freely made—and broken;
By one lad, stiff beneath his stone, and colder,
His pride and fury cancelled in a flash,
The fingerprints of planets on each shoulder,
His hopes, his dreams reduced to blinding ash:
By him, his comrades and their faith betrayed
Or kept, we shall be watched, we shall be weighed.*

Everybody WANTS

BY GORDON
MACQUARRIE AND
PHIL DROTNING

Illustration
by John Buckley

HOW would you like to match wits with an arrogant fish that follows the bait right up to your boat, nudging it with his nose, and then lies there, leering at you? Or a fish that stands on his tail next to your boat to get a better look at the character silly enough to try to catch him? Or a fish so vicious that a gaff is worthless, and you must boat him with the aid of a .32 revolver?

Sound interesting? It's more than that. The finny specimen concerned is the muskellunge, and one of the surest places to find him is northern Wisconsin, any month from May to October. If you are a real fisherman, equipped with monumental energy and patience, the challenge is almost irresistible. Hard to hook and harder to boat, the muskie is America's fightingest big fresh water fish, and many an angler has spent a lifetime trying to land a really big one—a 50-pounder, let's say.

No state in the Union has a muskie population to compare with Wisconsin's, where the big fish populate hundreds of lakes and rivers. Michigan long ago abandoned large scale propagation of muskies. Minnesota, famous for trout, wall-eyes, northern pike and bass, has muskies, too, but not in numbers to compare with Wisconsin. This will astonish many persons, but not Minnesota ichthyologists, who know that fewer than a dozen Minnesota lakes contain muskellunge. The truculent muskie also is found in the Mississippi-Ohio river



A MUSKIE

systems, and has been caught sparingly in remote branches of the Ohio in Tennessee and in West Virginia and other places. In the St. Lawrence river his taking in the Thousand Islands is a well established sport. In New York State the experts have done much to maintain him in Lake Chautauqua and other waters. The world record muskie—a 62½-pounder—came out of the St. Clair river in 1940. It was caught by Percy Haver, almost within sight of Detroit's impressive skyline.

When it comes to muskies on this continent, Wisconsin bows to the Cana-

IT TAKES BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS TO LAND AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE FRESH WATER FISH... THE FEROCIOUS MUSKELLUNGE. WE ALL WANT ONE, BUT...

dian province of Ontario—and cheerfully. With a million lakes or more, and with more square miles of area than all the Atlantic coast states together, Ontario is the muskie fisherman's Shangri-La. You'll believe that when we tell you we once fished a virgin Ontario Lake and before an hour had passed had 15 big muskies ranged around the

boat, smirking at us. Oddly, the fish are as wary of bait in those virgin waters as in civilized waters which are heavily fished.

Muskie fishermen are different, and so is muskie fishing . . .

Unlike fishing for bass, or trout, you don't go out to "catch a mess" of muskies. You don't talk about how many you caught, but about when you caught one, and where, and how much it weighed. You begin a vacation, a decade of vacations, a lifetime of vacations, hoping that just once a big muskie will take your bait, and that once he takes it, he'll stay on and let you get him into the boat. Then you mount him, and hang him on a wall, and spend the rest of your life bragging about him!

The ardent muskie fisherman will go to any extreme to nail one. He learns that this special fish requires special tools. It demands a rod with backbone in it to tighten the line and set the hook. Some stunters have landed muskies on fly rods; now and then one is taken on a bass weight (*Continued on page 32*)

The muskie leaped straight up at the side of the boat, and the Pretty Young Thing threw her tackle overboard and fainted



SO YOU WANT TO GO

Rocketing

BY GUY HALFERTY

Science says it will soon be possible to cruise in a space ship, but after reading this zany account you'll probably think twice before calling on your tour agent

SO YOU want to navigate a rocket to the moon? Well, did you know that the ellipse becomes a circle when the eccentricity is zero? Or that a parabola is an ellipse in which the foci both reach infinity at the same time? Or do you know how to compute the anomaly of "E" without straining a cerebral liga-

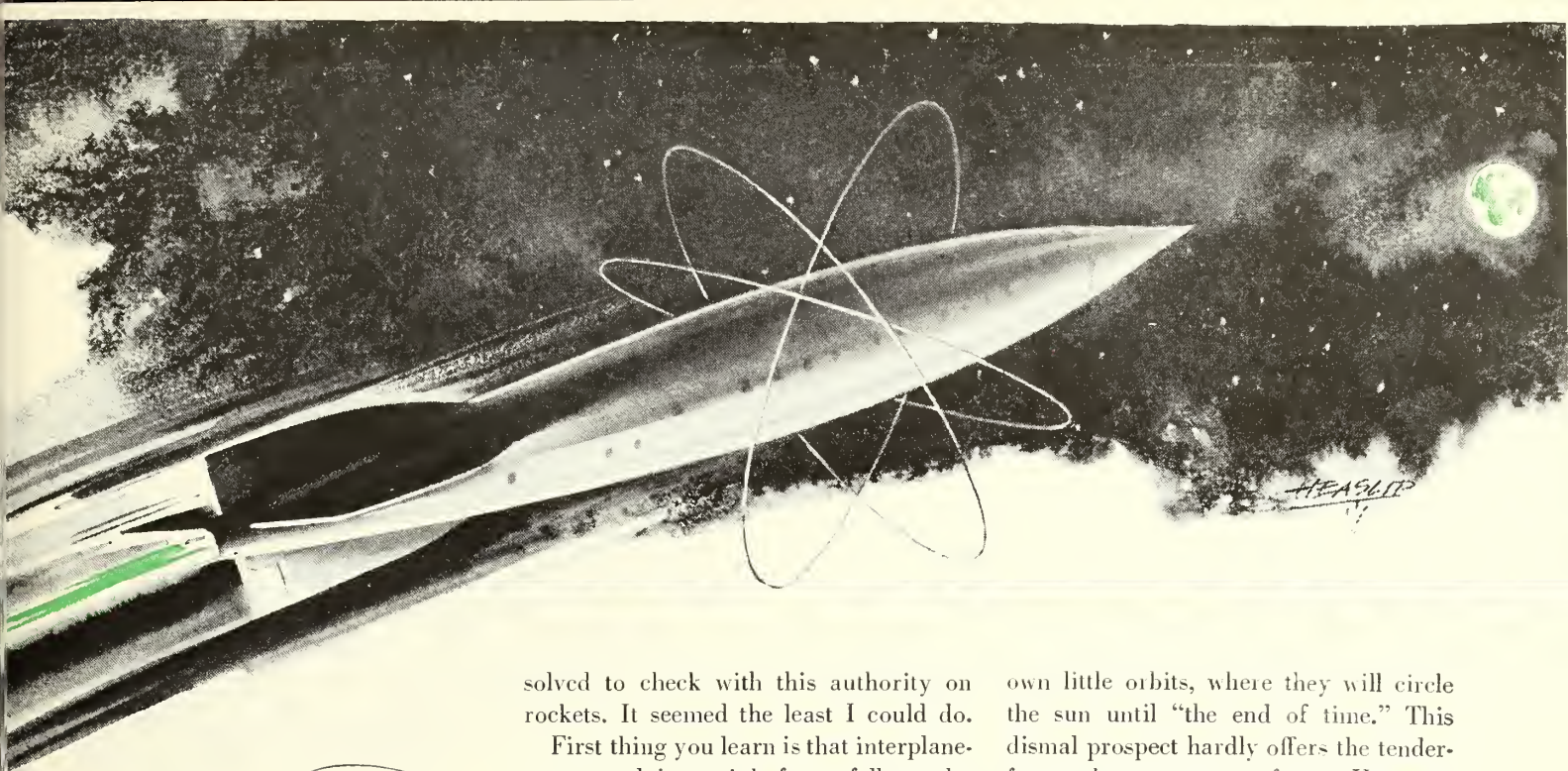
ment? Don't, hey? You haven't a chance in the universe of ever getting there.

What is worse, you might get there but fail to get back. I know, because I've just spent a very entertaining (albeit completely unenlightening) day with an expert who teaches rocket navigation. The good doctor knows from rockets,

nein, but he knows from integral calculus, astronomy and navigation—ja! And he's telling his small class of dumb-founded students that a rocket ship crew won't be worth a plugged moon crater if the navigator fouls out on his brain work.

An hour in the rocket class convinced me that you just aren't going to walk up and say, with a low, sweeping bow, "Come away with me, Maurcen, in my merry space machine," then hop in, shut the door and zoom off to find the moon via the nose of that mouse you brought along to locate green cheese. Actually, you are going to have to know more stuff than a country mortician. You're going to have to figure your entire round trip before you leave the Good Earth, because every inch of deviation from the calculated orbit is going to swing you farther from your target and closer to an early orbit-nary. Exciting?

At first, reading in the papers about



this new class in rocket travel, I wanted to laugh. So I laughed. But later on, more composed, I thoughtfully compiled everything I knew about rocket navigation. This added up to eight naughts, with the painful memory of my dismissal from Air Forces Navigation School on account of an unfortunate botch between Albuquerque and El Paso (I missed my ETA by two hours) thrown in. Sensing the hidden gravity of the situation, I came to attention and re-

solved to check with this authority on rockets. It seemed the least I could do.

First thing you learn is that interplanetary travel is no job for a fellow who majors in the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or Contemporary Epitology. It's a very tricky thing, involving the exhilarating danger of missing your target and getting caught in the wrong orbit, whereupon you can expect to get home some 6 trillion years from now, or whenever the sun cools off, whichever occurs first. A rocket navigator has to have a nimble command of integral calculus, spherical trigonometry, solid geometry, astronomy and the six approved ways to counteract travel nerves. He's got to know how to figure out an orbit—and what to do with it after he's figured it out. He's got to know how to bite his lip, knit his brows, scratch on a pad and announce, "I would estimate we are off our course by $176\frac{1}{4}$ cubic spaceometers." He's got to know how to translate blackboard hieroglyphics to the steering wheel of the atomic powered space ship without frightening himself to death with the results.

It's obvious that the navigator plays a vital position on the Milky Way team. Let's pray he's sharp on our trip to Venus, a jaunt involving 146 days and 26,000,000 miles that will permit no fuzzy calculations if we expect to get there and back. There's a good likelihood that the first few rocket ships will probably run out of fuel, miss Venus by perhaps 2000 miles and then slip into their

own little orbits, where they will circle the sun until "the end of time." This dismal prospect hardly offers the tenderfoot rocketeer a snappy future. However, anyone brave or irrational enough to attempt this trip wouldn't let a mere gloomy prediction stay him, so climb in and screw your hat on—here we go.

We wave goodbye. Someone slams the door, someone else pours a thimble full of uranium 235 in the gas tank, there's a hiss, a roar, a cloud of dust and we're off. Moments later, having unplastered ourselves from the backs of our seats (we're going 7 miles a second, silly), we look around at our navigator. He is still waving goodbye to Aunt Meg, now some 150 miles below, and we shake him vigorously to request our position. He unpacks his slide rule with the crystal ball attachment and in a minute announces that everything is fine—we are right on the beam. "The moonbeam," he explains blandly.

The moon, then, is our first checkpoint. We blast toward it at 25,200 miles per hour—anything less wouldn't get us away from the earth's gravitation pull. After a short while, we're several hundred miles away from the earth, and we shut off the rockets and coast along through space. Our world is just a big globe below us now. We look for Keokuk, but the printing is disappointingly obscure—not as clear as on the globe we had in the eighth grade. We turn our attention forward, where our navigator is busily adding, subtracting and subdividing. We admire his diligence, never dreaming that (Continued on page 26)

Illustration By William Heaslip



While rehabilitation men teach disabled vets to make a living again in spite of handicaps, Andy Anderson preps them on how to have some fun

SERVICE MAN'S SAMARITAN

BY C. C. SPRINGFIELD

**IF WE WERE ALL LIKE
ANDY ANDERSON, NO
WAR VETERAN WOULD
EVER FEEL FORGOTTEN**

A SMALL, red-faced Texan slumped against a tee-marker on a Houston golf course for wounded veterans and watched a tanned youngster carefully address the ball. Two hundred yards down the fairway, a caddy tinkled a cow bell.

The veteran listened intently, changed his stance slightly, and socked the ball.

"Good drive," said the Texan. "Straight. Couldn't have been better if . . ."

He hesitated. The golfer finished for him, "—if I'd had four eyes instead of none? Is that it?"

"Well, yes." The Texan grinned as he teed up his own ball. "I'm warning you! When we started I figured I'd have to carry you but I'm out for blood now!"

"Okay, Toots, but be damned sure

you count every one of your strokes."

The Texan was Andy Anderson, Houston sports-writer, putting into practice the sermon he preaches: That outdoor sports can be a most important factor in bringing our handicapped veterans to a normal existence and, further, that it is your duty and mine to get the job done, to help, aid and interest the vet.

For the last three or four years, Andy has devoted practically all his time to his work with veterans in hospitals. His job, with the enthusiastic consent of the Houston Press, is a sideline.

It started when Andy met numbers of vets who thought their outdoor life was over because of their injuries.

One veteran said he was whipped; he couldn't manage a rod and reel.

"Oh, yes, you'll fish all right," declared Andy, and, together, he and the amputee developed a simple little gadget which attaches to the vet's "crab" and allows him to wind a reel as well as anyone.

"What about me?" asked a blind vet.

Andy puzzled that one out, too. He came up with the idea of putting tiny silk inserts on the vet's line at ten-foot

intervals. That helped him "see" better.

"When he goes fishing," says Andy, "his partner gives him the direction and tells him the distance. By listening to the click of those silk inserts as they pass through the guides on his rod, the soldier can hit the spot."

Andy takes a good deal of satisfaction in the armless boy who went out with a party and put them all to shame by catching all the fish that were hooked that day.

Andy is small and weather-beaten. And he is unassuming until he gets into his favorite field. Then he lets go, talking about everything but Andy.

His work with vets began when he was invited to put on a sports program for men at McCloskey Hospital at Temple.

He worked up a "crude program" and the vets hollered at "Texas" to keep relating his "true" fish tales.

Feeling that he was really helping these sick men, Andy invited a group to go fishing in the Gulf. That trip was so successful that more men begged for a chance.

"Finally, I ran out of chips," says

Andy, "so I put it up to some of the men I had grown up with—men who had plenty of money—and they came across—a hundred dollars here, another there, cars, fishing tackle, their yachts.

"Various charitable and civic organizations began helping, the labor unions contributed. We became affluent enough so that we could take a bunch of boys fishing and furnish them individual tackle outfits. And no junk, either."

Other hospitals heard about Andy's program and he was off to Harmon in Longview, to El Paso, then to New Orleans.

"When they found out that I was

began perking up and many of them, holding their bellies from the pain it caused them, laughed for the first time since they had been wounded."

Andy's greatest sympathy goes out to the mentally wounded, however.

"Fine physical specimens but men whose eyes and faces are vacant."

Andy was putting his skit on before a group of psychopaths, depressed because of their apparent failure to respond. Finally, he thought of a broken rod and reel.

"I'll give this to the man who wants to repair it," he said, "and I'll show him how to do the job."



Right: McCloskey General Hospital patients retire to a nearby brook to test the new skills Andy taught them. Below: Sportswriter Anderson showed Tom Sliger that fingers and a brain are what you need to be a successful writer



again out of chips, the Elks Club in Houston set up a thousand-dollar traveling fund."

Returning from his trip to El Paso, Andy put on what he calls his most unusual program. He'd been bumped off an airplane by a Colonel with higher priority and so he took a train.

While sitting in the diner, Andy struck up a conversation with a couple of Army doctors. He mentioned what he had been doing and they said they had a couple of cars of wounded vets fresh from the Pacific and would he put on a program for them. Andy was willing.

Despite his weariness, Andy got out his small casting rod with the hookless plug and went to the Pullman.

"That was really a tired, dispirited bunch," he says. "Many of them really suffering. But, when I began talking about fishing and telling my yarns, they

One of the men who had been sitting with an aimless grin on his face, apparently oblivious to what was going on, spoke up. "You mean we can have it if we fix it?"

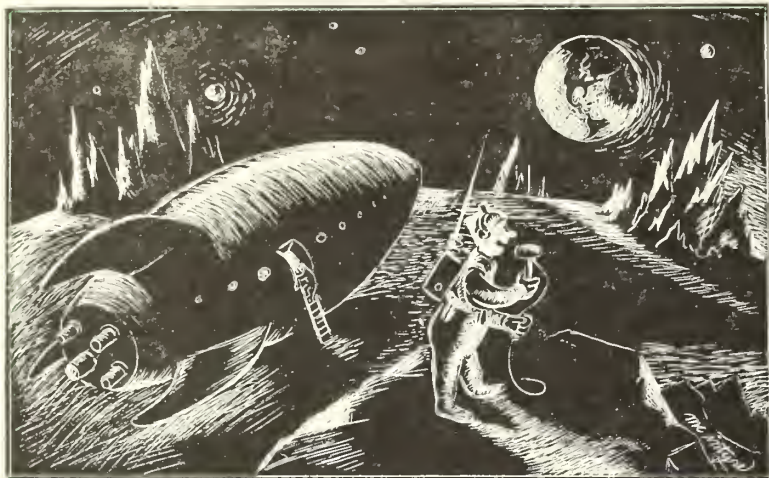
"That's right."

"Let me try."

So Andy gave him the broken rod and showed him how to repair it.

"Six months later, someone sent me a clipping from a Chicago paper which told how this lad had come into possession of his rod and reel and how, now that it was okay, he was going out and catch some fish with it!"

Blind vets who wanted to play golf put the proposition up to Andy. "We got a caddy and put him 180 yards down the fairway with a bell. He would ring it to give the boys direction and you'd be surprised what a good job they did, just shoot- (Continued on page 43)



"But before giving a report on this first trip to the moon let me describe that rich, sugar-baked product which made this expedition possible."
American Legion Magazine

SO YOU WANT TO GO ROCKETING!

(Continued from page 23)

he is in reality figuring out just how much moonshine we can get aboard.

Two days from the earth, we reach the moon, and flit back and forth over the surface looking for signs of life among its familiar craters. There is no life there—at least, none that we can see while travelling 7 miles a second. It looks deadlier than a ball park at 6 a.m. Our scientists head the ship towards the back side—the side never seen from the earth—as the visible craters have all been named for various astronomers, and these lunar pioneers understandably would like some of their very own to name.

The back side is blacker than Coaly's undershirt. For a long time we can't see a thing in the intense darkness, until finally our pilot produces a flashlight. He beams it out the window and spots a strange, white object on the moon's surface. In the excitement, our goosepimples have duckhumps on them. The head scientist tells the pilot to dive towards the object. He envisions conquest—the unparalleled thrill of the first visitor to another planet, seeing something never before witnessed by earth's inhabitants. In a few seconds we are very close to the strange thing. It seems to be . . . no, it couldn't . . . but wait!—yes, it is—a SIGN! In simple dignity it reads: "Los Angeles City Limits."

Up again, and away. Like an apple on a string, we spin out from the moon and into the orbit that will take us to Venus, we hope. Our navigator, a ubiquitous youth named Junior, is now adding, subtracting, praying, dividing, praying, sweating and praying. He is trying to recall certain equations, trying to remember if he should have figured this out on the basis of Kepler's

Third Law (q equals one plus e , or p squared equals $\frac{1}{2}$ cubed); he recalls vaguely that this law proves that if the earth stopped it would fall into the sun in two months—and back out again in two months, badly scorched—but he can't seem to hook up this bit of information to our present predicament. At length, after much fearful doodling on his scratch pad, he takes a long, troubled look out the Men's Room window and concludes that we are about two infidecibles off course. The rocket chief fires three ringing shots from Sta'b'd No. 10, which presumably knocks us back on course. There isn't an uncrossed finger aboard.

After weeks of this sort of thing, we intersect the orbit of Venus and approach that dust-bound planet for a close look. By this time, of course, having used so much of our uranium to correct for Junior's fumbling arithmetic, we have no fuel to spare for sightseeing. So we have to content ourselves with a quick landing, a dash into the nearest depot to send some souvenir postcards, and a brief exchange of unintelligible comments with a group of Venusian women, all of whom by the way are armless and half naked, confirming the classic sculptor's conception of them precisely. Then it's into the ship once more, a slam of the door, and—back to dull earth.

Our return trip is successful despite Junior's calculations. We drop back to earth like a falling bullet, and as we re-enter the gravitational belt we turn the ship around and fire all our remaining rockets towards the ground to slow us down. At our dizzy speed, this is only partly satisfactory. Earth rushes madly to meet us. We bounce three times; Portland on the first, Kansas City on the second, and Key West on the third. Dribbling to a stop, we retrieve our teeth and step out on the ground to the thundering cheers of a horde of five-pound mosquitoes. It's good to be home.

THE END

WHAT LABOR WANTS

(Continued from page 11)

no brief for the extremes some labor unions and labor leaders have been accused of following, nor deny the accusations levelled at the selfishness of certain employers and corporations in quickly proclaiming they were definitely through with collective bargaining.

Both labor and capital should be doing the kind of job together which won the war. But they are not. Each is every bit as guilty as the other in failing to work out a practical blueprint of progress, and the public cannot be blamed for wanting a quick solution.

The headlined strikes of the last year do not, as any sensible reader would know, represent the general picture of labor-management relations in this country—nor do they show that there is an insuperable breach between labor and management. Those were the hot cases, the sorest points of postwar difficulty. Not in the headlines are the men who work quietly for harmony in industry.

We have in America the finest leadership of capital and labor in the world. It is overwhelmingly against the socialization of industry and opposed to Communism. Though some leaders in industry oppose any form of recognition for organized labor, a great many other men in influential business positions have grown practical. They have advanced with the times. They have learned that new techniques are necessary in this modern world.

The problems of readjustment are serious and I do not wish to minimize the difficulties to be overcome. Neither do I wish to magnify the difficulties. It is a hard, tough fight to bring about understanding of one another here in America, but it can be done in an American way, for that is the way we all wish to follow.

Industrial peace will not be brought about by politicians, or labor, or capital shouting at one another and seeking out ways to cripple or undermine one another. Nor by a blaze of propaganda in a large section of the press which, with the thought of muzzling labor by punitive legislation, falls far short of the insight it should be displaying at this time of crisis.

The vast majority of labor unions are aware that power brings responsibility and that we must measure up to that responsibility. Those unions are working quietly with management today for better things—and getting few headlines. Not long ago I spoke before members of the Teamsters Unions of eleven western states and said: "I do not say, nor do I believe, that all our strikes will be, or can be, prevented. I merely say that *to prevent strikes should be our goal*, and that we should strive to reach this goal intelligently. There will be strikes from time to time, for there will be instances where nothing

(Continued on page 28)

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Reorganized as an integral part of the Army of the United States, the new National Guard will be bigger, stronger, better prepared than ever before in peacetime. With a total complement of 682,000 men, it will be ready to take its place in the first line of defense at the outset of any emergency.

Eighteen veteran combat divisions, plus nine new ones and 27 air groups, are being groomed for the National Guard's vital peacetime mission of service to home and country. In many communities, units already have been Federally recognized.

Now, organizations like yours—with their consistent support of a strong national defense—can help recruit the additional men needed.

The new National Guard seeks only the finest men, both mentally and physically. They will learn valuable skills and the principles of leadership in a high public service.

Further information may be obtained at headquarters of the National Guard unit in your community or by writing to the Adjutant General of your state.

• Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, every Wednesday, 9 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.



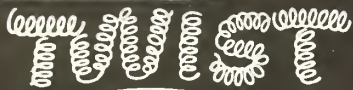
The National Guard is a Federally supervised force raised by the states. Congress authorizes the National Guard by the National Defense Act and keeps in Federal hands the power to "recognize" units so that strength, composition, training and efficiency are constantly under the guidance of officers selected by the War Department. There are National Guard units in each state, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia.

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but strikes can bring labor and management together and clear the air so understandings can be reached.

"This is true because we, of labor, are human and prone to misjudgment, and so are the humans who comprise management, and who own capital."

I would hate, as would many other labor leaders who have voiced similar sentiments, to have to swallow those words, to go before the rank and file of our unions and report that all-out war had been declared against us, that we should stop seeking peace and start fighting.

But there are those who would punish the many good with the few bad, who seek to smash at all labor by class and discriminatory statutes, which would set back the fundamental cause of organized labor to a status of twenty and more years ago. Their excuse for this is that certain unions are acting in a high-handed and dictatorial manner endangering the very position of the United States.

Perhaps some unions have acted in the manner described. So have many unscrupulous industrialists, and during war time. It is certainly foolhardy in the long run to draw a general conclusion of the use of a thing by its abuse.

We cannot bring about industrial peace by legislation. There are no sudden solutions to our economic problems. Vindictive laws will not increase production or efficiency, both of which are essential to capital, labor and the public.

What, then, can possibly be done?

First of all capital, labor and the public have to be educated to the understanding of industrial peace as an art, to be studied like counterpoint and practiced as scientifically as nuclear fission.

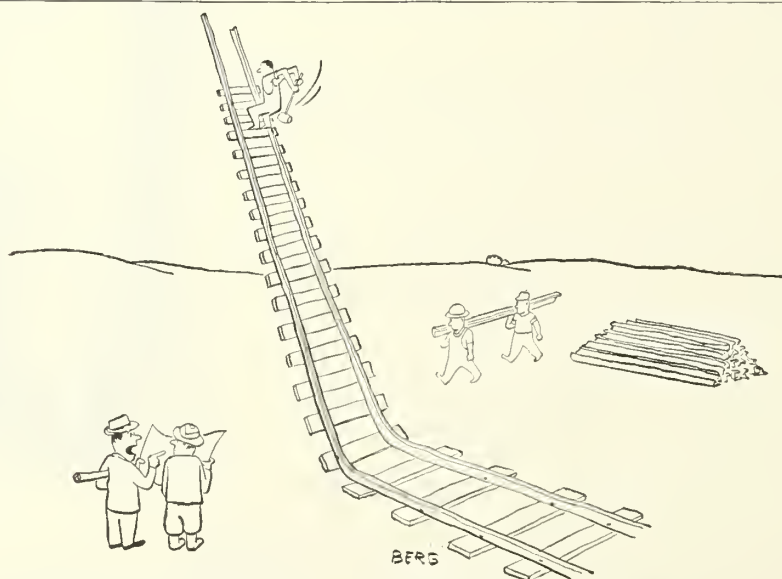
We must learn wherein lie the most serious threats to our economy, and wherein lies its strength. Vindictive labor laws in

the guise of promoting industrial peace are a far more serious threat to our American system of free enterprise than all the Communists and crackpots combined—the growth of whose power depends on a widening breach between capital and labor. Whatever undermines the faith of the American worker in the honesty and fairness of his Congress and his government cannot help but provide fertile ground for the growth of alien philosophies hostile to our way of life.

While labor must learn to use the power to strike judiciously, the right to strike must not be infringed. Industrialists with vision must realize that they owe a historical debt to the strike. Labor fought hard for equal rights in court and under the law. Long ago the sweatshop and the company-store peonage racket disappeared under the pressure of strikes, and when workers began to earn more money and more leisure, fighting and striking almost every inch of the way in many industries, a golden age opened up for industry, *because labor became industry's best customer*. The mass market that placed American industry at the top of the heap during the first forty years of this century was a labor market, labor that had fought its way up from the poverty of the slag-heaps and suddenly began buying automobiles, radios, refrigerators, rugs, vacuum cleaners, decent homes and electric power.

Today any men who call in one breath for increased production and in the next for curtailment of the right to strike, want to have their cake and eat it too. The right to strike, on the part of labor, is all that assures industry that labor will be able to afford the products of industry.

No, the cure for industrial disturbance is not to be found in semi-slave laws intended to take away the hard-earned



According to the plans, there should be a hill here

American Legion Magazine

Better Get Married

If you plan to go to college under the GI Bill of Rights you would do well to get married first.

Why? You'll do better scholastically. And figures prove it.

The particular figures were compiled by Paul L. Trump, adviser of men at the University of Wisconsin, who studied the records of 4201 students enrolled there. He found that married veterans have better marks than single GIs, and that married vets with children do even better.

A grade point rating of three points is the most any student can earn at the University of Wisconsin and means straight A's in all courses. The average for all students at the University is about a point and a half—1.5. But single vets were topping this by averaging 1.66 and having their record in turn beaten by married vets who scored 1.8. Leading all, however, were the married vets with children, who moved along at a 1.9 clip.

"These figures," Mr. Trump stated, "refute the theory that American universities were going to be filled with educational tramps who just wanted to take advantage of government allowances, and it augurs well for the 10,000 veterans now at the University of Wisconsin."—By C. J. Papara.

rights of working people and tie toilers to their jobs against their will.

It is to be found only in understanding between men of good will in industry and labor, and in public support for honest men.

Honest Americans today want industrial peace: they do not want strife and disorder. Honest men also know that such industrial peace cannot be established by law or by edict. Men, not laws, make peace—and war. Industrial peace must come through the process of equitable dealing by honorable men in both capital and labor.

If those who cry loudest for laws to curb labor were sincerely desirous of industrial peace, rather than selfish and unwarranted advantage, they would explore the tried and proven ways. They would tackle the problem by the use of the only successful formula: better, closer relationships, confidence, and mutual understanding between those who speak for labor and capital.

There is no doubt, nor do we deny, that labor has at times had leaders who proved to be without vision, or who were incompetent and arrogantly selfish, and even dishonest. Business and industry, even the honored professions, have had similar men. There have always been men, in every type of endeavor—even in the church—who have proved disloyal and unworthy of their trust. Responsible unions are as



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impatient of such individuals as is the public.

One group of Congressmen proposes publicity for labor's finances, as if labor had something to hide. The plain fact is that unions today furnish frequent financial statements to their members and often publish them in printed form, for all who may be interested. Labor's financial statements are easy to understand; they are not like the complicated compilations of figures issued by corporations.

I am not afraid of publication of labor's finances. I believe, however, that if labor should be required to publish its financial matters employers should be required to do likewise. That is only being fair and honest about it. Whatever information may be required of unions, should also be required of employers. I am not averse to making public all the incomes of both labor and capital, their employes and administrators.

I would go further than mere financial statements. If industry will agree, I would be willing to have both sides submit all of the facts about earnings, wages, expenses of all kinds, as well as profits, upon entering into collective bargaining conferences. Let us also require the corporations to furnish sworn statements of their capital structures, showing actual, honest investment. I would agree that if either the union or the employer failed or refused to submit all financial facts, then a government regulatory agency should step in, examine the books and records, and furnish the data. And make it public!

So, in the end, we come right back to the fundamental principle that peace in industry, like peace between nations, is based on good will, understanding and mutual respect. Peace can be maintained in industry only if labor and capital, each

respecting the rights of the other, are willing to cooperate to find peaceful means for the settlement of differences.

Labor has its responsibilities. It must not retard but encourage the introduction of labor-saving machinery and processes. Labor must not interfere with the mechanization of industry and must encourage greater production and resultant lower consumer costs.

In the end labor will not progress through the public operation of industry because labor can only progress under free enterprise and competitive business, by means of collective bargaining.

Let me give you a specific instance of how industrial peace can be maintained.

In Oakland, California, a three-day general strike had tied up the city. The teamsters refused to participate, because of their belief that a general strike actually is revolution, and in a short time the strike was dissipated. Similarly in Los Angeles we refused to participate in general strike plans. The strike did not come off.

Again, in Los Angeles, we refused to cooperate in a food store tie-up because the union primarily involved had not exhausted all of the democratic processes established by the A. F. of L. for the mutual protection of the International unions and the contracting employers.

This demonstrates that there is weak leadership at times in labor. But it also shows there is responsible and experienced leadership.

This type of responsible leadership should be sought out and encouraged by capital. Since unions are here today as a vital stratum of our economy, management should help build a high type of union leadership and discipline which will help our nation in the long run.

In that way, gradually capital will be dealing only with those who have experi-

IMP-ULSES

by Ponce de Leon



American Legion Magazine

Ponce de Leon

ence and a sense of fairness. Even then there will be disagreements. That is America. That is democracy. That is our way of working things out.

It comes down to this: labor unions are here to stay. Capital can have a share in building responsible labor leaders and rank-and-files. This can never be done by legislation which hits at all labor unions.

To do this capital must have the guts and the vision, in its own set-up, to cooperate rather than destroy.

Both capital and labor must recognize that John Public has a vital interest in both organizations.

Capital and labor must cease placing the public in the middle. The way to do this is plainly the conference table. And leave the professional labor haters out as advisors to the employers. This will cut

* * * * *

"We believe that the State exists for the benefit of man, not that man exists for the benefit of the State. We believe that each individual must have as much liberty for the conduct of his life as is compatible with the rights of others. To put this belief into practice is the essential purpose of our laws."

—From speech delivered by President Truman in Mexico

* * * * *

down to a minimum the possibilities of a strike. This will increase the possibilities of arbitration and conciliation.

When all is said and done you will find that the heart of American industry is not unlike the heart of The American Legion. The Legion relies for its strength, its integrity, and its sureness that it is right, in what it calls "the grass roots." On the top are the executives who fight the big battles and make the speeches, receive the insults and hew to the line. But down in the communities are the Posts, whose members, working with the everyday problems of community life as it is actually lived, are in truth the life and the directing force of the American Legion. They and their neighbors are America. They direct the flow of events and they are the strength and the balance of the Legion.

And so it is with labor and management. Down at the grass roots, far removed from the mighty sphere of politicians testing each wind, are the men, laborers and managers, who work together every day of their lives, who, by the millions, conduct themselves to the same ultimate end, the good of their communities and of their way of life. They will solve their differences to the best good of all—if allowed to do so.

The broad, common ground on which labor and management can meet is there; it is our mutual interest in the welfare of America. Let us tighten, not sever, the bonds that hold us together.

THE END



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

A Great Bunch— Those Ex-G.I.'s

Willie Wells and a whole bunch of the boys from our home town went to Pound Ridge Saturday to attend a reunion of their old regiment.

There were about two hundred and fifty boys who came from miles around to a good old feast in Farmer Collins' barn. I expect they seemed a lot different to each other out-of-uniform. But they had a great time, spinning yarns, drinking beer, and talking over the old times in South Africa and Italy and the Aleutians.

I went to cover the reunion meeting for the Clarion, and one thing that sure impressed me was the good behavior of those boys—their preference for a moderate wholesome beverage like beer—their friendly spirit.

From where I sit, our ex-G.I.'s are making as good a showing in peacetime as they made during the war. And they're setting a mighty good example for the rest of us to follow—in tolerance, and moderation, and good fellowship.

Joe Marsh

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EVERYBODY WANTS A MUSKIE

(Continued from page 21)

rod, but the zealot chooses a stiff rod of split bamboo, hickory or ash, to sink the hook firmly. His rod probably will have a double grip butt and a hand grip near the reel seat. He'll use a 40 pound test line; might settle for 30 pounds. And he'll be a model of patience. Some muskie fishermen have accumulated months of fishing time without bringing a big one home. That's what makes the battle interesting.

Choice of bait is limited only by the fisherman's imagination. Muskie fishermen are inclined to try anything—mud puppies, squirrels and gophers, chipmunks, (mostly illegal) all forms and sizes of wobblers, plugs, spoons and what-have-you. Most bait manufacturers turn out standard bass, northern pike and walleye baits in larger sizes, for use by muskie fanatics. They're good. Giant pikey minnows are the favorite of many, and a standard trolling device is the old Skinner spoon No. 6. A favorite gag of trollers is to add to the bucktail that conceals the treble hooks a few strips of red flannel or white pork rind.

Standard equipment for every muskie fisherman are several weedless baits, for muskies are a shallow water fish, and haunt weedy places. In the fall, when water grows cold, they habitually lie on top of weedy shallows, sunning themselves.

If all this sounds complicated, don't let it throw you. Many a big muskie has been taken on fifty cents worth of tackle—the butt of a cane pole, some chalk line, and a couple of Skinner spoons.

Yes, muskie fishermen are a queer breed, and once in a while you turn up a particularly rare specimen. Consider Frank V. Suick, of Antigo, Wisconsin, a muskie fisherman par excellence. In July, 1940, to prove he could do it, Suick hauled a muskie a day out of Pelican Lake, 25 miles north of Antigo. He had evolved his own bait—a whittled cedar imitation of a sucker, decorated with gold and aluminum radiator paint. He fastened a tin fin at the rear and an adjustable tin lip at the front so the bait could be made to dive.

Suick had been fishing for a couple of weeks when a petition arrived at the offices of the governor and the Wisconsin conservation commission, asking that he be made to quit fishing Pelican lest he depopulate it of muskies. That was a gag, of course, but it indicates what a stir Suick's actions created. It was like that long stretch when Joe DiMaggio played in 58 games without going hitless.

People followed Suick out on the lake to watch him. He made no secret of his plug—showed it to one and all. It was the handling of it which counted. Suick told how he was watched by a summer visitor from Chicago who had been struggling for years to catch a muskie. The gent sat in a lawn chair on the beach and watched Suick through field glasses each day.

One day, in that July month, Suick got a muskie in close and was about to shoot it when the fish gave a flip and landed in the boat. This is not too uncommon. It happens quite often in the case of leaping fish like muskies, bass, and, once in a while, northern.

Well, Suick tapped the fish on the bean. There was no shot to let the Chicagoan know how it came out. Suick rowed back toward his dock, past the frantically waving Chicagoan. He rowed inshore.

"Did you shoot?" the Chicagoan yelled.

"No," Suick hollered back, "he jumped into the boat."

The Chicagoan tossed his field glasses to the chair and began walking dejectedly up the hill.

"Now I've heard everything," he said, "I need a drink."

But, now for Suick's secret—and mark it well, for it could earn you a muskie if you haven't caught yours yet. He owns some trout ponds where he rears fish for sale to restaurants. One day he noticed a distressed trout, unable to regain depth, attacked by its mates. He noticed—and this is the nub of it all—that the trout tried to get down deeper by long, accelerating dives.

Suick designed his bait to do that. He lays it out on the surface and then makes it dive about three feet. There he stops rod movement and reeling and lets the bait wobble to the surface. It is when the bait



"If she wasn't such a spendthrift they could afford to buy a canoe!"

American Legion Magazine

starts its helpless, wobbling movement that the muskie hits it, obviously thinking it is a sucker or other fish which has lost control of itself and is an easy meal.

The trick is that *accelerating* dive. The normal impulse is for fishermen to start the rod swing (which makes the bait dive, of course) fast, and let it decelerate. This isn't worth a darn. The bait must gain speed on the dive, and then wobble to the top. It requires a stiff rod, at least five feet long. Suick makes his out of a plain cane pole about an inch in diameter at the butt; just the thicker end of the pole. He puts on a rubber butt, guides and a screw-on detachable reel seat and he's all set.

That's the way it is with muskie fishing. Lots of tricks, and every fisherman has a different one. The difference is that some of them get fish. Some of the fishermen who get them consistently are those who use suckers for bait. They are known in the trade as "sucker heavers." That's because the sucker bait they use is heavy and has to be heaved. It is as impossible to "cast" a sucker as it is to "cast" a 16-pound shot. You can always tell a true sucker heaver from a pretender. The latter call themselves "casters."

Sucker heaving for muskies is so deadly that Wisconsin once considered passing a law against it. An investigation by officials resulted in an opinion that sucker heaving is hard work, that very few fishermen practised it, that those who did soon gave it up. There is no law in Wisconsin against sucker heaving.

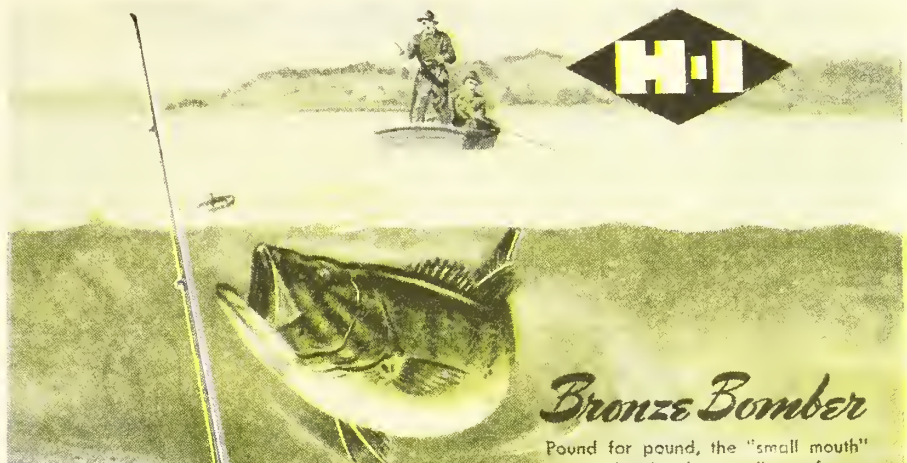
The best sucker heavers are men who are willing to sweat profusely. Heaving a sucker is much harder work than pitching hay. Among the half-million or more fishermen, licensed and unlicensed, resident and non-resident in Wisconsin last summer, there were about 500 sucker heavers. That is a liberal figure.

The best of the sucker heavers, and (we think) the best muskie fisherman in America, is Louis Johnson, who runs a resort up on the Flambeau river's roaring north fork, near Fifield, Wisconsin, in the heart of the state's best muskie territory. A big Norwegian with muscles like iron, he can pole a boat against the Flambeau current all day and come home at dusk feeling fresh. He calls himself Looie Yohnson.

Looie and his wife, Edith, live on the Flambeau the year round. From May to October Looie guides muskie fishermen; in winter he guides deer hunters and works in the timber. He rarely spends a day on the Flambeau without boating a muskie, and as a result his time is contracted for months in advance. Looie thinks muskie fishing is a sport for He-Men, but there was a time Eddie put one over on Looie. . .

On this day Looie pushed his 200 pounds back from the breakfast table, laid a pound or so of snuff back of his lower lip, and asked:

"That faller coming today—is he gude fisherman?"



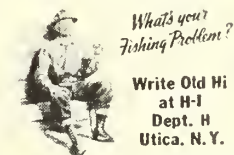
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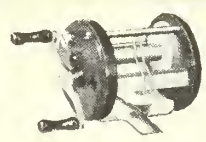
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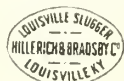
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"I suppose so," Edith replied. "Only the good ones fish with you, you always said."

Looie grunted. Truth appeals to him. He got his muskie tackle and his pet rod—made from a pool cue—and went to the river bank.

There, where the Flambeau whispered by, was a Pretty Thing in shorts, slapping at the man-eating mosquitoes. Looie modestly averted his eyes and sat on the end of a two-pointed Flambeau river boat. He eodded his snooze. He hummed snatches of Norwegian polkas. Now and then he spat 10 feet into the coffee-colored Flambeau for luck.

The Pretty Thing in shorts slapped and wiggled and bled. Looie deplored her, thinking: "Dem half dressed vimmen toorists. Maybe aye better put up a gate on highway sempty."

She spoke. "Could you tell me where I could find Mr. Johnson?"

Looie stiffened. "Me, aye guess," he admitted.

"Oh, then you are to take me fishing for muskies."

We have Looie's word that he swallowed his snooze. He still blushes, remembering, "Har'ly a stitch of clo'es tew her back, Yudas!"

She said she was Connie, from Chicago, and indicated that she had expected almost anything but the hunk of man before her. Looie drew himself up to his full six feet two, and pushed a boat off the bank into the river. He recalls:

"Aye took her downstream two mile. Showed her how to cast a plug. The mosquitoes ate her alive. Aye'd of given her my flannel shirt, but what would Edie say?"

Below an old logging bridge some 20 to 30 pounds of hell-bent muskellunge grabbed Connie's yellow plug. Looie yelled, "Give it to him gude!"

Somehow, Connie set the hook. While she fought the big fish the mosquitoes kept at her. A good muskie in the Flambeau current is tough on a man, and women in shorts just have a hell of a time. The mosquitoes chew at them, and the muskie makes their muscles ache by twisting sideways and using the current for leverage.

Blood from mosquito bites traced down Connie's legs. Looie admits (but only to intimates) that he brushed mosquitoes "off her bare skin," if you please! thankful that Edie wasn't there.

The lady was game—to a point. She worked the big fish in close. Looie got his .32 revolver ready. The fish leaped straight up at the side of the boat. Connie screamed and threw rod, reel and all overboard, then fainted. Looie says: "That reel cost me semteen dollars, second hand."

Looie revived her. He took off his thick buffalo plaid shirt and it covered her from neck to ankles. Connie moaned:

"He frightened me so. His mouth was wide open and he jumped right at me... oh... oh... oh!"

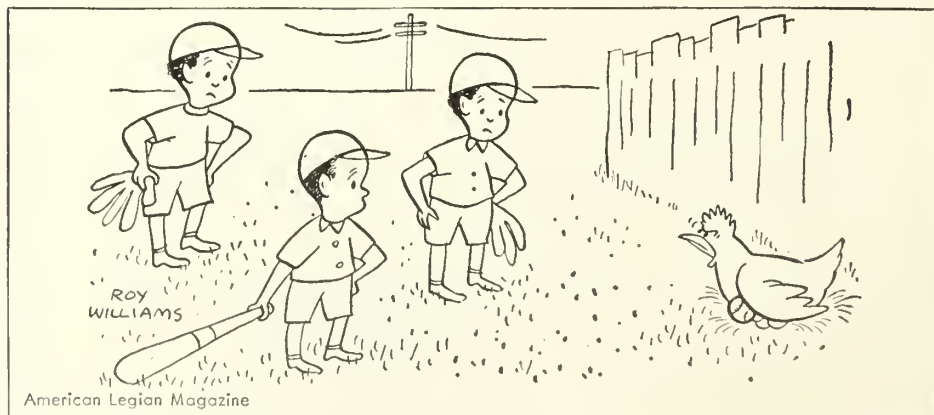
Looie poled the boat back two miles, and since that day has never stepped into a boat with a woman. He says life is too short; that it's hard enough to keep a man from blowing his top when he hangs onto a big muskie.

Now, if you'd like to fish with a guide like Looie—then listen:

Get in good physical shape. Learn to stand up in a boat without going overboard. Wear clothing stout enough to stop mosquitoes. Own equipment husky enough to take it and dish it out, always remembering that big muskies caught with average bait casting tackle are taken either by accident or experts.

When you go out with Looie you'll rap a one-pound sucker on the head. You'll take a hank of old fishing line—about 20 feet or so—and wrap it around the sucker's mouth just behind the hard lips. Then bring it down under the gills in what a Boy Scout would describe as a basket hitch. Place a good big hook behind the hard lip of the sucker, and use a bronzed wire leader about 18 inches long. Then wrap more fish line around the hook, but be very sure that the hook is free to turn sidewise. It sure is messy; it sure does get them.

Bait all set? Now, brace your legs against the motion of the boat and throw the sucker out there. That's easy, because the sucker weighs so much. Your reel runs freely.





DREAMS OF POWER!

... come true with **FIRE-CHIEF**

Starting Power — Touch the starter . . . and "Pur-rr!" Your engine starts instantly with Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline.

Responsive Power — Ask for action . . . Zip! You get it! Fire-Chief warms up rapidly, delivers a *full flow* of power when you need it!

Smooth Power — Want smoothness? Fire-Chief's satin-smooth stream of power seems to "float" your car over the highways. And . . .

Superior Fire-Power is what makes it possible. It's the result of Texaco's accurate balance of the good qualities that make a gasoline great.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES



"Right down my Alley!"



Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

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 TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER



"New composition, me eye!! His finger's caught in the keyboard again!!"
American Legion Magazine

Your first hundred heaves find you dripping sweat. That's good. You're on the way, son! Only, you must reel that dead sucker back faster. Make the bait skip over the top of the water. Quit loafing.

Look! Put the butt of the rod just above your belt buckle. Keep the rod moving, this way, that way. No, not that way! You moved the rod and stopped reeling. Keep the rod moving while the reel turns. You must kid the muskie into thinking that the sucker is a sick sucker. Sick suckers do the funniest things. They dive down deep and float up slowly. They scam across the water like all get out. They do barrel rolls, flip flops, mip-ups and close turns. Remember Looie Yohnson's prescription: "Musgies like a fast bait."

Now look, son, take it easy. Heave that shredded sucker right into the middle of the lily pads. It's all right; you won't get hung up with this outfit.

Nice heave!

Up, that olive green log is a muskie. Let him take it! Don't jerk the bait away from him.

Good, he's got it. Just sit down. Slack off on the reel. Let him do what he wants with your bait. No, for goodness sake, don't keep a tight line NOW. Let that big, cunning fish have his head. Just sit down and wait it out. He's going to chomp that sucker sidewise in his mouth before he swallows it head first. He thinks he's so smart. You just wait. . . .

Your slack line is moving, son. The fish has swallowed the sucker and is moving off to digest it.

Set the hook. Bear back hard. Feel 'im? Sure, a good one. Long's the hook is in him you can take over from here on out. Have all the fun you want. If he gets away it's your fault. He'll go about 16 pounds, not worth mounting. You ought to land him in half an hour.

Then we'll show you how to shoot him. You have to get him right up to the boat; put the gun right on him, and not start shooting when he's thirty feet away. Saw a fellow once with a muskie on who was popping away from fifty feet with a .30-30 rifle.

Well, that's muskie fishing. How'd you

like it? You see what we mean about musgies taking muscle?

This summer there will be more muskie fishermen on the northern lakes than ever before. Some of them will go back home whipped. We won't feel sorry for them. After all, if they can't subsist on wall-eyed pike, bass, trout, northern pike and panfish, they're too demanding.

Even if you pick out a resort in the heart of the muskie country it'd be best to pretend you are a wall-eyed pike fisherman. Tell your host that you dote on panfish. Tell him that you like nothing better than black bass. . . .

Everybody wants a muskie, but not everyone gets one.

THE END

THE LEGION: AS WE WERE

(Continued from page 15)

or license fees, eligibility to low cost government insurance or other advantages sought for veterans because they are veterans.

Among the chief activities of the Legion over the 1919-1945 period which we may consider as essentially unselfish would be included:

Support of the national defense.

Advocacy of peace and international understanding.

Advancement of education.

Leadership in youth movements, junior baseball, Boy and Girl Scouts, Boys' State.

National leadership in Child Welfare.

Organized work for disaster relief.

Observing of patriotic holidays, aid to public memorials, and remembrance of the finer side of American history.

Advocacy of better employment opportunities for all.

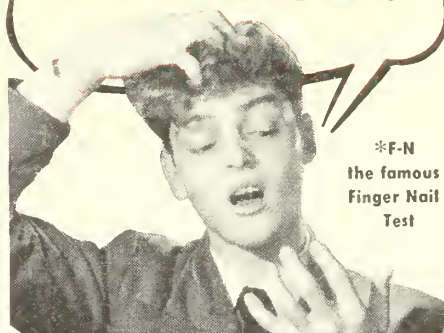
Support of the Constitution, the law, and public order.

Teaching Americanism as opposed to communism, fascism and other ideologies.

The promotion of civic activities of varied character in which Posts of the

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

***F-N TEST?**

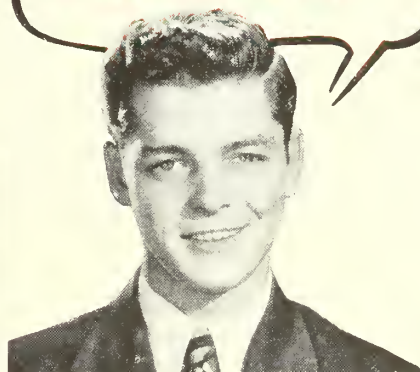


*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW

**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS

LANOLIN!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other hair tonics. Get it from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair too!



GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS

REMOVES

TUNE IN . . . TWO NETWORK SHOWS!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun-
evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio
Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

**never
-no,
never**

wind this watch

yet it keeps 13.5% better time
than hand-wound watches!*



Every day, more progressive men replace old-fashioned hand-wound watches with the 17-jewel **CROTON AQUAMATIC**. This astonishing watch of the future actually winds itself—gives a lifetime of incredible accuracy. Easy, natural motions of your wrist store up winding energy—keep Aquamatic running on the dot. It's **CERTIFIED WATERPROOF**, too! Wear your Aquamatic while swimming or bathing, in any kind of water. Also:—dustproof, shock-resistant, sweep-second hand, radium dial, doesn't tarnish, glass crystal can't break. A royal gift!

17-jewel Model A Sweep Second—\$54.45

17-jewel Model B Sweep Second—\$57.50

17-jewel 14 Kt. Gold Throughout—\$157.50

(Federal tax Included)

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Legion took the leadership in thousands of communities, building community clubs, playgrounds, roads, athletic fields, swimming pools, and golf courses, planting trees, raising Red Cross and Community Chest funds, promoting lectures, musical events, and entertainments, and serving their communities as one of the best organized and most efficient civic groups.

While this classifying of American Legion activities covering some 26 years seems to lean heavily to the unselfish side, the public attention attracted by the Legion leaned heavily to the objectives listed as selfish. The selfish objectives, and particularly the adjusted compensation law (soldiers' bonus) were controversial, filled columns of the press, and occupied days or weeks of debate in Congress. Next to the bonus fight, the Economy Act of 1933, and the subsequent acts repealing almost all of that statute attracted the most controversial attention in the Legion's career. There were few people to quarrel with work for peace or for employment or for child welfare: these non-controversial activities seldom made headlines.

Many things which the Legion did and tried to do involved the passage of laws and their administration, nationally and in the States and municipalities. From its first convention in 1919 the Legion had a small national legislative committee, with two employees in Washington, and a widespread system of advising its members about acts and proposals before the Congress. The members wrote, wired and sent delegations to Washington in support of measures they favored, and opponents of certain measures, such as the bonus, referred to this system as the "Legion Lobby" and to the organization as a "pressure group." Those terms, while offered as criticisms, were essentially true. The Legion became very powerful as an advocate

before Congress and the State Legislatures, and through its large and well informed membership certainly exerted pressure, in the sense that it was the pressure of public opinion.

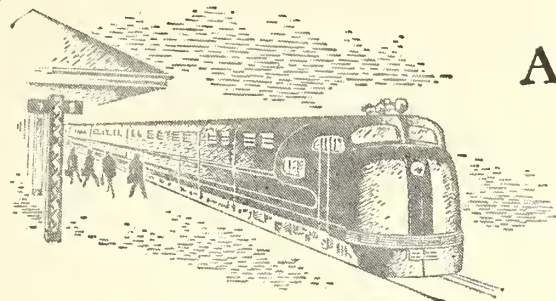
The long-drawn-out legislative fight for the soldiers' bonus was the most spectacular but perhaps least important phase of the lobbying of the Legion. More about the nature of the bonus will be considered in our next article about the Legion after World War II, because the bonus was the forerunner of the "G.I. Bill of Rights" and other World War II legislation. The total result, in dollars, of the bonus law, was relatively insignificant. It cost less, after years of debate and struggle, than the terminal leave pay act for World War II enlisted men which was enacted with hardly any contest. But the bonus fight proved the mettle of the early Legion, pitted its power against organized finance, or "Big Business" or "Wall Street," and made a public show of its ability to plead a case effectively before Congress.

The young Legion of 1919 found its own way as a power with Congress. Immediately after its first convention its State Commanders gathered in Washington to seek revision upward of the \$30 per month compensation then allowed to a veteran "totally and permanently disabled" in the war. Their appeal to members of Congress brought about immediate passage of the Sweet Bill, increasing that pitiful allowance to \$80 per month. This law of late December, 1919, was the first of scores of enactments in aid of the disabled. There were no U.S. Veterans Hospitals then in existence. The public campaign launched by National Commander Frederic W. Galbraith of the Legion in 1920 resulted in the first substantial grant for such hospitals in March, 1921, and this course was pursued through the years. When World War



American Legion Magazine

"Yes?"



Aboard or Afoot Smooth going really counts

However you travel, you want to get where you're going the easiest way possible. Afoot, choose British Walkers—the only shoes with patented Synchro-Flex construction. They follow your feet effortlessly—combine striking style with complete ease whenever, wherever you walk.

**SMITH
SYNCHRO-FLEX**
BRITISH WALKERS
For Men and Women

MADE IN THE U. S. A. BY J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., CHICAGO



This new moccasin oxford in Deeptone Brown Calf is available at some agencies, but all British Walkers are still scarce.

It ended there were 93 such hospitals. In 1921 the Legion also sponsored the so-called Dawes Committee, which brought about a merger of the old War Risk Bureau (insurance), the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and part of the U.S. Public Health Service, into the U.S. Veterans Bureau. Later that became the U.S. Veterans Administration. In 1924 the Veterans Act, largely written by and sponsored by the Legion, codified the earlier statutes, broadened the authority of the Veterans Bureau, recognized the "presumptive service origin" of diseases like tuberculosis and nervous disorder developing a few years after the end of the war, and granted general hospital privileges to all veterans in the U.S. Veterans Hospitals.

The Legion's continuing interest in the welfare of the disabled secured various improvements in law until 1930, when the Disability Allowance Act, not sponsored by the Legion, created a general pension for World War I veterans regardless of the cause of their disability. This act, placing 400,000 pensioners on the rolls with as many more applications pending in two years, caused the Economy Act of 1933 which struck out the "Allowances" and also many of the rights of the war disabled. For two years the Legion fought to restore the latter benefits, succeeding by acts of Congress passed over a presidential veto.

This determined course of watchful aid to the disabled was pursued by the Legion year by year, until in 1941 and 1942 it secured federal laws making all benefits acquired over two decades for World War I disabled applicable to those who would be disabled in World War II.

Next to its effectiveness for the disabled, the power of the Legion in public affairs was demonstrated in support of a strong national defense. The National Defense

Act of 1920, then known as the Wadsworth Bill, resulted from six months of Legion "lobbying" to secure a stronger National Guard and an Organized Reserve. For years it fought for preparedness. The value to America of this long struggle was made evident when war struck again in 1941. The larger and more efficient National Guard, and the 70,000 trained reserve officers instantly available from civil life, made our World War II mobilization vastly more prompt and effective than that for WW I.

Two major defense programs advanced by the Legion were never adopted by the American people. One of these was Universal Military Training, a plan still being debated in the homes of America and in the Congress. The other was a Universal Draft in time of war, a plan to conscript capital and labor as well as fighting manpower.

In many of its national purposes the Legion had general support from almost all Americans. Its child welfare programs and educational work and advancement of health, recreation and training of youth found much public help. Its work in disaster relief, for traffic safety, for employment of handicapped persons and for persons over age forty, all were approved and applauded. In its efforts for the war disabled it met only limited opposition, mostly on





In continuing your support of the campaign to interest high-caliber young men in Regular Army enlistments you are doing a great service to the nation and the future.

Your Regular Army must have a continuous flow of replacements for the 30,000 to 40,000 men per month who are promoted, whose enlistments expire, or who are separated from service through other causes. To men who measure up, the Army in turn is offering 40,000 good jobs. This should be brought home to all potential recruits.

Today, the Regular Army can give a young man a fine start in life. With training available in many skills and trades, it equips him for a variety of useful, profitable civilian occupations. New, higher pay, in addition to food, clothing, quarters, medical and dental care, enables him to begin his service at \$75 a month, with excellent chances for promotion as he goes along. Travel opportunities, GI Bill of Rights educational benefits, and many other special advantages make the Army worth discussing with young men who have the ambition and initiative to plan their futures carefully.



**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO SERVE THEIR
COUNTRY NOW**



YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

grounds of economy. In urging a strong national defense it fought ignorance and pacifism and inertia. In the teaching of Americanism, education of aliens, naturalization, efforts to limit immigration, and opposition to communism, it engaged in many conflicts and controversies.

The efforts made by the Legion for peace and international understanding were of course failures, as were all efforts in that direction. They were nevertheless sincere and broad in scope. Through membership in FIDAC (Federation Interalliee des Anciens Combattants) the Legion met with the veterans of other allied nations, year after year, in advocacy of international agreement. Exchanges of students, of literature, of delegations of visitors were promoted. Meetings in all the allied countries voiced the desire of all veterans to prevent war. Efforts of the government in that direction had warm Legion support.

Through the first five years of its existence, until 1925, The American Legion steadily declined in membership. In 1919 about 680,000 veterans paid the temporary national dues and in 1920 the total was 843,000 which marked the end of the period of enthusiastic organization. Thereafter the decline averaged about 50,000 a year until the 1925 total was 603,000 members. Then began a steady growth, and by 1930 the original total was passed. After a setback in 1932-33 because of the economic depression, the growth continued to 1,107,000 in 1941, the year World War II began for the United States. Renewal of membership being entirely a voluntary matter each year, these figures indicate that it took about five years for the new organization to really find itself as a local entity in each of its then 11,000 Posts.

The strength of the organization was plainly rooted in the Posts, not in Washington or the state capitals, in which last it attracted most public attention. In 1925 the Legion started, as a national effort, what had come up from the local work of



"Your ole top sorjint, or not—I veto that atom bomb you've fixed up for him!!"

American Legion Magazine

In our March issue the article *Dealing In Hearts* was erroneously attributed to Dr. David D. Rutstein. The credit line should have read: "By Henry Brinker, from scientific information furnished by Dr. David D. Rutstein." We regret this error.

the Posts, the Division of Child Welfare. It also formulated then for the first time a national program, based on the experience of individual posts, for relief work in time of community disasters. It raised an endowment fund to finance its work for child welfare and for the disabled.

By 1941 the steady growth, in the face of declining ranks of eligibles as the death rate thinned veteran ranks, found about one of three living World War I veterans a member of the largest veteran society of all time. The position of the Legion was established, its Posts held a leading place in community life, its national body was fulfilling its objectives. In that year war came again to the United States, and in 1942 The American Legion opened its ranks to membership of those who would be veterans of the new and greater conflict. It did not undertake membership solicitation, and barred the fighting men of the new war until they should, in their turn, become once more civilians.

Founded on democratic principles, The American Legion never belonged to anybody but its members, and was always ruled on the plain principle of one man, one vote. It was a civilian body, without military rank or form. Its meetings were open, not secret. It was a strong, alert body of Americans determined to preserve for themselves and their children the American principles which they had fought to defend.

The American Legion—THEN—was no society of angels. Composed of men who had sailed and soldiered together, it could be rough, tough and impetuous. Born of idealism and fraternalism, and devoted to the service of God and Country, it was nevertheless human, playful, and definitely male. Its sprinkling of nurses and yeomanettes and its large Auxiliary of wives, mothers and daughters gave it a feminine touch and added much to its good work, but The Legion was decidedly He-man.

About 150,000 Legion members were able to fight in the second great war, and some millions of Legionnaires' sons. The Legion opened its ranks to membership by the new veterans and in two years more than two million of them joined, outnumbering the first war Legionnaires by two to one. Out of this blend of middle age and youth came The American Legion of today.

A second article by Mr. Jones, THE LEGION: AS WE ARE, will appear in the June issue.

THE END

KREML

does lots more than keep hair Looking Handsome!

NO OTHER HAIR TONIC CONTAINS THIS SPECIAL COMBINATION OF HAIR GROOMING INGREDIENTS



Handsome, healthy-looking hair needs a 'hygienic scalp.' So why be content with just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the extra advantages of Kreml. This *highly specialized* hair tonic not only keeps hair handsomely groomed but does *lots more* besides!

NEVER GIVES HAIR THIS OFFENSIVE GREASY LOOK



Kreml goes in for modern, 'natural-looking' hair grooming. It keeps hair in perfect order all day—gives it a rich, attractive lustre, too. Yet Kreml never feels greasy, sticky or gummy. Kreml always makes hair feel SO CLEAN—the kind ladies like their men to have.



WHEN HAIR IS SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS

If your hair is so dry it breaks and falls when you comb it—Kreml actually helps 'condition' it in that it leaves it feeling so much softer, more pliable. It's simply great to lubricate a dry scalp. At the same time it removes itchy loose dandruff and leaves your scalp feeling *so alive*. Change to Kreml today and *get your money's worth*. Remember—Kreml Hair Tonic does *lots more* than keep hair looking handsome.

Buy a bottle of Kreml at any drug counter. Ask for an application next time you visit your barber.

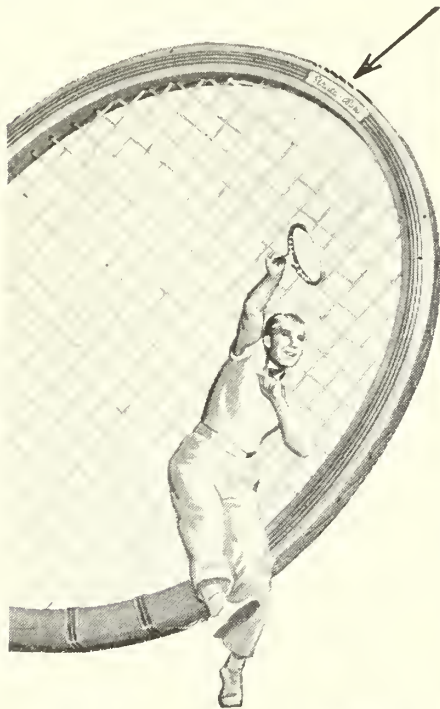
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KREML Hair Tonic

For Better Groomed Hair—a more 'Hygienic' Scalp

If it's marked
Strata-Bow
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**POWER
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—a perfect combination of balance, "feel" and strength. *Built to take it.*

The victorious players in the decisive matches that secured the 1946 Davis Cup for the United States, played Strata-Bow exclusively. Wilson "Strata-Bow" rackets are available in a complete price range including the "Famous Player" series featuring Bobby Riggs, Don Budge, Alice Marble, and Mary Hardwick.

Play a Wilson Strata-Bow Racket and the new Wilson Championship Ball—and you play the best!

The fine gut used in Wilson tennis rackets is processed by Wilson & Co., Inc., packers, Chicago, Illinois.

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SPORTING GOODS CO.

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Names of players mentioned are retained as members of Wilson Advisory Staff



It's Wilson today in sports equipment

Sports Varieties

Duck Divers

HUNTERS frequently are surprised when wounded mallards and other ducks known to be non-divers escape under water in power dives. Actually, non-diving ducks do dive when they are young but forget it, until wounded, when they grow up. Fear is about the only thing that will bring it back. A normal adult mallard will starve to death rather than submerge a few feet beneath the surface.

Charles E. Gillham, 20 years with the Fish and Wildlife Service, reports a duck-dive on record that is incredible. Gill nets, set in the Great Lakes at a depth of 180 feet for trout and whitefish, brought up an Old Squaw duck. —By Bob Deindorfer



As You Were

KEN HICKS came out of the Army and took up pitching for Los Angeles in the Pacific Coast League. One day in the midst of a tight baseball game Hicks was on the mound and a runner was on second base.

As Hicks prepared to pitch the announcer boomed over the public address system, "Attention, please." At the word "attention" Hicks straightened up and froze in approved military posture. The umpire promptly called a balk and the runner advanced a base. —By Ben Gould

SHERIFF FRED REAKSECKER, Oregon City, Oregon, arrested three furloughing overseas veterans for fishing without a license. Then, with a grin, paid their fines.

Close Game

ELMER LAMPE, Dartmouth's new basketball coach, tells the story of a college alumnus who had lost everything on a close game which his school dropped. He turned to corn liquor for comfort, and about midnight found himself wrapped around a telephone pole in front of a market. Peering at its window he read the sign: "Tomatoes 20, Lettuce 19."

As the tears streamed down his cheeks, he burbled, "Poor Lettuce! They lost a tough one, too."

Getting the Umpire's Goat

YOU would never guess that if a baseball player or manager meets an umpire on the street the two will talk pleasantly and pass the time of day. On the diamond, quite apart from "honest" disputes over who wuz robbed and why, it is part of the game to make things tough for one another. Players and managers badger the umps to keep the loyalty of the fans, and the umps strike back in self defense. Sometimes the ump finds himself in the middle with no way out—other times he has the last word in these sidelight disputes.

It was an unhappy day for the plate umpire at Comiskey Park, Chicago, a few seasons back, shortly after Ted Williams had been quoted in the press as saying: "To hell with all this. I'm going to quit—be a fireman!" Jimmy Dykes heard of it, and when the Red Sox came to Chicago the White Sox had a greeting for Williams.

The first time the slender slugger came to the plate, three of Dykes' crew came up to the front of the dugout attired in rubber coats and helmets borrowed from a nearby firehouse. Other Chicago players walked like sirens, beat on iron supports and shrieked "Clang, clang, clang! Fireman, save my child!"

Williams got hot under the collar, glared. The plate umpire ripped off his mask, rushed to the dugout and ordered a halt.

"Go away!" Dykes shouted. "This is none of your business. There are no rules which say my boys can't play fireman if they want to." And there aren't.

If ridicule is directed right at the umpire he can throw the offender out of the game. Once Doc Cramer, Detroit outfielder, tossed his bat high in the air in protest to a called strike, and the fans took the cue and screamed protest at Umpire Bill McGowan.

"I'll give you a break, Cramer," McGowan told him. "If that bat stays up in the air you can stay in the ball game." The bat came down and Cramer went out.

Once when Frankie Frisch was bounced he figured the laugh was worth it. His Pirates were trailing the Dodgers by one run early in the second game of a double-header, and a drizzle of rain began to trickle down. Frisch demanded the game be called and declared no-contest, but his plea fell on deaf ears. The game went on, the Dodgers held their lead. The drizzle changed to a steady light rain and still the umpires continued the contest.

Finally Frisch climbed from the bench and squatted on the ground near the dugout, in full view of the spectators. Then he calmly raised an umbrella over his head. When a wave of laughter came from the stands all three umpires dashed in Frankie's direction to give him the thumb, but Frisch was running for the clubhouse before they reached him. —By Gordon Atkins



The American Legion Magazine

SERVICEMAN'S SAMARITAN

(Continued from page 25)

ing at the sound, determined to hit it." Andy carried the same idea over into bowling for the blind men, by giving the pin boys a bell.

Andy has thus far visited and lectured in over 120 hospitals. He says it is hard, saddening work. He lost 26 pounds on his latest tour. As long as you'll listen, he will talk to you about the veterans. But he won't stand if there is something handy to sit on. He is weary and must rest.

His "text" in lecturing to the public, is that there will be a few such handicapped men in every community, and that the people should, therefore, call on all of their inventiveness to make gadgets which will help these men.

Andy is a Past Commander of the Sam Houston Legion Post, and was once a candidate for State Commander. He serves as a voluntary worker for the Veterans Administration, without pay, and he is trying to persuade service clubs all over America to adopt one disabled veteran each for ten years to enable the veteran to enjoy sports.

"One thing," he says, "I've never seen a car loaded with fishermen that couldn't carry one more man. Let that man be one of these vets."

He recently posed the problem of helping such men to the inmates of the Texas Prison System.

"You men have plenty of spare time, so why not use it in developing some gadget that will help one of these veterans?"

At the conclusion of his talk a grease-marked convict, his eyes determined, stepped up: "You just send me the pattern, and I'll make the gadget!"

In discussing his vets, Andy refers to one as being particularly outstanding.

"Tom Sliger was raised from a buck private to Lieutenant on the field of battle," says Andy. "Later on, he was wounded and lost both legs.

"When I met him, he expressed a desire to be a sports writer.

"I got a friend to give him a portable typewriter and we rigged it up so he could use it. The first story he wrote brought \$300 from a national magazine!"

(If pressed, Andy will admit that the yarn was about him and his work.)

"Since then, he has sold a number of other stories. Man, has that boy got guts!"

Wherever Andy goes, he meets some of the men he has entertained and helped.

Not long ago, he visited one of his vets on his farm. "You should have seen that boy driving a tractor. . . . And him armless!"

Andy received over 500 letters last Christmas from men in the service. But perhaps the most outstanding example of gratitude was the simplest.

It took place at the dedication of the

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McCloskey General Hospital's golf course.

Andy had worked with a one-armed veteran and had devised a gadget which permitted him to hold a golf club.

On the day of the dedication, this soldier, who was on the program, stepped to the first tee.

He took a healthy whack at the ball and drove it a hundred and eighty yards down the fairway.

"Then he did something for which I'd have whipped any other man in the world," said Andy, with a wry grin. "He dropped his club and walked over and kissed me!"

THE END

HEROES' RETURN

(Continued from page 9)

areas it was necessary to call up supporting troops and planes to fight off savage natives or hostile bandits.

From the first landings in North Africa to the final smashing of the Reichswehr, Graves Registration personnel worked in close support with the ubiquitous medics. As the tide of battle swept ever forward the fallen were removed to the rear for appropriate burial in temporary cemeteries almost as speedily as the seriously wounded were evacuated.

In all previous wars the fallen were buried on or close to the battlefield or were lost forever in the depths of the sea following naval actions. In the last war thousands of our comrades plummeted to death over every sort of lonely terrain as a result of the gigantic aerial operations sweeping from the Azores to Murmansk and from the misty Aleutians to the dreaded "Hump" of the towering Himalayas. Thousands of others made the supreme sacrifice on the myriad atolls and islets of the far South Seas. Several hundred intelligence officers vanished in the Balkans, Near East, and Far East without a whisper ever coming back as to their fate and their final resting places.

When hostilities ended, every possible scientific means was used to identify all casualties and to locate the missing as well as isolated graves of our buddies hastily buried by the foe or non-combatants. The War Department is quite emphatic that *all identifications are absolutely positive*, giving the lie to ignorant and malicious rumor-mongers that some families are likely to receive a body other than that of their own son. All doubtful cases are subjected to continuous checking and investigation until finally resolved either as positively identified or "unknown."

It is not generally known that only U. S. nationals may handle the remains of deceased American military personnel. Local labor or prisoners of war may be used only for initial opening of the graves. Bodies are reverently placed in temporary caskets and removed to the nearest U. S. military cemetery.

Our lost comrades rest in some 201 temporary cemeteries in fifty-seven countries literally scattered around the world from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, and from the jungles of Borneo to Holland and Italy. The remoteness and inaccessibility of some of these cemeteries, added to the uncertainty of future international relations, has naturally given rise to some anxiety on the part of relatives that their boys' final resting place might some day be so located as to make visits difficult if not impossible.

World War I dead were practically all concentrated in France, a readily accessible country in what in 1920 appeared to be a peaceful and permanently friendly Europe. Nevertheless, some 60 percent of our people wanted their loved ones brought back to America. On the basis of letters received and informal polls conducted the Quartermaster General estimates that some 80 percent of the next of kin of World War I heroes want their boys returned.

Congress has appropriated funds to repatriate the remains of every deceased service man whose family so desires. War correspondents, merchant seamen, Red Cross workers, and American civilians employed in the war effort overseas are included in the program. Which of our heroic dead are to be returned is appropriately, as befits a democracy, the solemn and private decision of their next of kin respectively. The Government and War Department are absolutely impartial and will make no recommendations pro or con.

During and after the Civil War some 72 national cemeteries were created for the re-interment of the boys in blue who lay in unsuitable or inappropriate surroundings. After the Spanish-American War 6000 of our dead were brought back from Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and even China. The Unknown Soldier of World War I came back from France with an honor guard of 46,310 of those who like him had given their all. Thirty thousand others who fell at Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, the Argonne, and in the other great land battles of France sleep in glory in six beautifully kept mili-

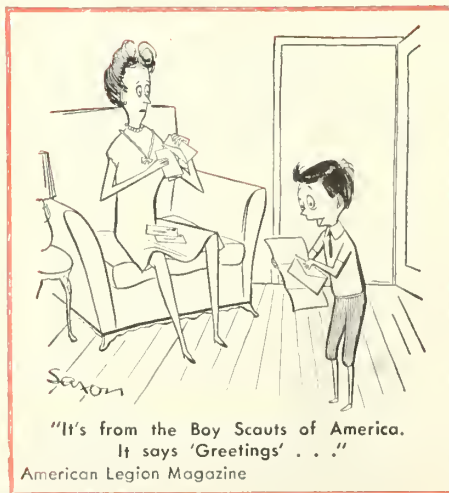
tary cemeteries in France, one in England and one in Belgium.

The War Department receives thousands of letters each week inquiring about the progress of the repatriation program. Through most of them runs the poignant refrain, "Tell me about my boy." There has been a regrettable delay and several postponements in the return of our war dead. Strikes and steel shortages delayed manufacturers in the delivery of an unprecedented 275,000 steel caskets. Bringing back 200,000 bodies scattered around the world is obviously an undertaking which could not be completed in a few months. Congress has set a time limit of five years for the program but the Quartermaster General now estimates that it will be completed within 30 months.

Our honored dead will be returned in a progressive, planned operation depending on climatic conditions, shipping facilities, and other factors. There will be no priorities or special distinctions—the general and the private, buried in the same cemetery, will come back on the same ship in identical, standard caskets of simple, dignified design. Those lying in Hawaii and Belgium are scheduled to come back first. Then will come our comrades who fell on the Normandy beaches, in Brittany, Italy, England, the Mediterranean area, and the Near East. They will be followed by those resting in China, Burma, the Far Pacific islands, Bermuda, and the Caribbean area.

ALL funeral ships will debark their casketed remains at New York or San Francisco, from which ports some 112 funeral cars will forward the flag-draped caskets to one of 15 strategically located distribution centers nearest to the final destination. Each returning hero will be accompanied by an honor guard of the same or higher grade from his own service. The next of kin will be advised of the progress and the exact time of arrival, sufficiently in advance so that there will be ample time to make all final preparations.

Letters of inquiry have or will shortly be sent to each widow, father, mother, or nearest relative setting forth four optional burial plans. They can elect to have the body interred in a permanent U. S. military cemetery overseas where the grave will be suitably decorated and perpetually tended. Or they can have their loved one brought back at government expense to any one of 67 national cemeteries. Thirdly, the Government will return the body to any point in the United States or its possessions for burial in a private cemetery, in which case the Government assumes up to \$50 of the burial costs. Finally there is a provision for burial in any foreign country, the homeland of the deceased or his next of kin, provided permission can be secured from the country concerned. For example, a Norwegian, Grecian, or South American family whose son died on Iwo Jima can have his remains brought back



"It's from the Boy Scouts of America.
It says 'Greetings' . . ."

American Legion Magazine



half way around the world to the land of his birth.

Legal next of kin are defined as follows: the surviving spouse has the first and final right of choice, provided she or he was not divorced or separated prior to the serviceman's or service woman's death or has not remarried in the interim. In the event of divorce, separation, or remarriage, precedence passes to sons over 21 in order of seniority. If there are no sons then to daughters over 21 in order of seniority. If all children are under age or there were no children then the disposal right passes to surviving relatives.

If the deceased was unmarried then his father, mother, brothers over 21 in order of seniority, sisters over 21 in order of seniority, and finally other relatives in their order of relationship to the dead soldier, have the final decision in the order named, whether or not the remains are to be returned. The Judge Advocate General has rendered an opinion that this right to make the final decision may be waived or relinquished but it may not be transferred or assigned.

THE Quartermaster-General, Major General T. B. Larkin, told the 1946 National Convention of The American Legion that the Legion can play an important role in this great repatriation program by assisting and advising the next of kin when asked to do so and by providing military funeral services wherever the regular armed forces lack the adequate personnel to render final honors to our returning valiant dead. When the maximum monthly quota of 22,000 is reached by April, 1948, it is quite possible that the nearest military establishments will not always have sufficient honor guards for all funerals. Every Legion Post therefore should begin preparations now for discharging our last solemn duty to our fallen comrades-in-arms when called upon to do so.

THE END

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OH, THE EAGLES, THEY FLEW LOW

(Continued from page 13)

though he was beginning to be impressed. "I mean!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "Us gits up and down de river! F'm hyar to Greenville and den right back again. Some times us gits up to Memphis!"

"You mean, you gits about," summed up the stranger. "I knowed y'all boys looked like travelers."

"Travelin' fools," said Bugaboo, with enthusiasm.

"But," the stranger said, sadly, "y'all's boat gonter be laid up for two weeks, and hyar y'all is in N'Awlins, flat broke." He shook his head, sadly.

"We's in N'Awlins," corrected Iron Man. "But we don't be's broke."

"Got money, in N'Awlins," demanded the stranger, "and you yet is grumblin'?" He couldn't believe it. "Y'all don't like hit hyar?"

"Hit's all right, hyar," shrugged Bugaboo. "De onliest trouble is, we's hyar."

"And hit ain't no sense in bein' hyar when we c'd be somewhar else," put in Iron Man. "Hit's so many yuther places a man kin be at."

"And gittin' paid wages for travelin'," supplemented Bugaboo.

"O' cou'se we totes a little freight at de land-in's," Iron Man said, honestly, "but most gen'ally us jest lays back and rides."

"I b'lieve I'm gonter let you boys ride on my boat," the little man announced.

The roustabouts wanted details, and the little man supplied them. His name was, he said, the Shark, and he skippered a Biloxi-type schooner which hauled watermelons from Mobile to New Orleans, and returned light. His owner liked for him to have a couple of men on board, just in case—he did not say in case of what—and since the boys liked travel so much, he thought he could arrange for them to ride back to Mobile with him.

"Is dis boat a side wheeler or a stern wheeler?" asked Bugaboo.

"Ain't no kind er wheeler, fool," said the Shark. "She's a sailin' boat. She got a gib, a fore, and a main."

"Is?" asked Iron Man, and then he

whispered to his companion, "One er dem new guvment diesels."

The Shark laughed. "Ain't got no engine, neither. She jest sets up in de water and lets de wind blow her."

"Wind blow her f'm hyar to Mobile?" demanded Iron Man.

"Sho'," said the Shark.

"S'posin' de wind ain't blowin' twarge Mobile?" he wanted to know.

"Us tacks."

"Does?" Iron Man winked at Bugaboo. Here was a crazy man, if ever he saw one.

But Bugaboo still wanted to get away from that two weeks of pleasure. "Whar at is dis Mobile?" he asked.

"Don't you boys know nothin'?" asked the Shark.

"I knows ev'y town on de river," Bugaboo said, flatly. "and I don't know Mobile."

"Mobile is a city," the Shark explained.

"Hit's in a song," put in Iron Man, "all about de eagles flyin' high, way down in Mobile!"

"Aw, dat Mobile," said Bugaboo. "Whyn't you say hit was in a song wid de eagles flyin' all over ev'rything."

"I ain't never seed no eagles," said the Shark. "Nothin' but sea gulls. De Mobile I'm speakin' 'bout is in Alabama."

"Aw, dat Mobile!" exclaimed Iron Man. "Bugaboo you 'members dat song. De little old squinchy boy name er Little Bit used to be all time singin' hit."

"I dis-remembers," said Bugaboo. "How do she go?"

Iron Man cleared his throat and sang:

"She backed into Memphis and she turned around.

She run right by Natchez but she didn't slow down.

She gave a long, keen

whistle, sweet thing,

I'm Alabama bound, and don't you leave me hyar!"

Bugaboo grinned. "Yeah!" he recalled. "Dat song say, 'Don't you leave me hyar!'"

"Efn y'all boys wants to travel all dat bad," the Shark told them, "le's git goin'. I'm layin' up in de New Basin Canal at Galvez Street, ready to sail."



Bugaboo was prepared to follow. Iron Man held back. "How much wages do you pay?" he asked.

"Aw, fool, de Shark don't pay no wages jest for ridin'," explained Bugaboo. "You gits wages when you totes stuff. Ain't dat right, Shark?"

The Shark admitted it was right. "I lets you ride free, for nothin'," he explained. Then he played his dream card. He doubted if it would work but there was no harm in trying. "We liable to be out about five days, and eatin' costs a little money. About a dollar a day, I reckon, wid ev'ybody pitchin' in." He shrugged to indicate how unimportant it was, and added, "Er cou'se efn y'all don't want to eat nothin', de whole trip won't cost you dime on."

"Us aims to eat," stated Bugaboo.

Iron Man was almost happy. "Eatin' and ridin'," he grinned. "Great day in de mawnin'! No totin' and no gin drinkin'! Hit gives me de high trembles, jest to stand hyar and think about hit!"

On the way to the canal, the Shark collected five dollars from each of his companions. "Efn we ain't out five days," he explained, "den I rebates you back a dollar for ev'y day we don't stay out. And efn hit's mo'n five days, y'all rebates me."

The little schooner was hardly more than a forty foot, flat-bottomed scow with a centerboard and two masts, but long experience had demonstrated that this type of vessel was both seaworthy and practical for trade along the Gulf Coast. As they approached it, Iron Man nudged Bugaboo and pointed to the stern of the ship. Both men carefully spelled out the letters:

MISS BILOXI

of
Biloxi, Miss.

"Dat ain't de way to spell 'Mobile,'" observed Bugaboo. "Nor neither 'Alabama.'"

"Biloxi is de home port," exclaimed the Shark, lightly. "Dat's whar Mr. Prentiss

live at. He owns de *Miss Biloxi*. But we hauls watermelons f'm Mobile endurin' de season."

The Shark spent an hour putting the pair of river men though the rudiments of seamanship. On many occasions before he had sailed with inexperienced crewmen, and he knew what points to stress in handling landlubbers. He employed nothing but the saltiest of seagoing terms, which his present crew found both strange and amusing.

"What you call dis rope?" asked Bugaboo, picking up one of the least important lines on deck.

"Dat ain't no rope," grinned the Shark, patiently, "dat's a sheet."

"Is?" asked Bugaboo.

"Hit's what you calls de vang sheet. You trims de vang wid hit."

"How you do dat?" Iron Man wanted to know.

"You trims hit down close," elaborated the Shark, "when you's runnin' close hauled. Dat hauls de foresail gaff peak amidships, so's you catches more wind."

"Sounds big," grinned Bugaboo, having absolutely no idea what the man was talking about. "Sort of like lodge meetin' talk."

"Now, when I give de command to cast off," the Shark said, finally, "Iron Man, you free de moorin' lines, and Bugaboo, you take one er dem pushin' poles and push her bow about so's we will be headed down de canal."

"You mean us got to pole dis boat all de way to Alabama?" Bugaboo demanded.

"Naw, fool," laughed the Shark. "Quick as we heads down de canal, us'll have a beam wind, and we gonter h'ist de sails."

Bugaboo noticed the wind was blowing at right angles to the way the boat would have to travel and he was about to call this to the Shark's attention, when the Shark suddenly commanded: "Cast off!"

The roustabouts had jumped at command too many times on the steamboat not to act when the Shark yelled.

When the boat was pushed about, the sails hoisted and the center board dropped, Iron Man and Bugaboo Jones, both inland born country boys whose lives had been divided between cotton fields and river steamboating, witnessed the phenomenon of a boat being propelled by a wind which wasn't even blowing in the direction in which the boat was traveling!

"Dis be's all right!" exclaimed Bugaboo.

"Like magic!" agreed Iron Man.

The novelty of sailing could occupy their interest only for a limited time. As they approached Lake Pontchartrain, into which the canal led, Bugaboo began to feel restless. "Iron Man, maybe I and you better git to trimmin' on some er dem ropes," he suggested.

"You mean, trimmin' on some er dem sheets," corrected Iron Man. "Dey might be ropes on a steamboat, or when you's jerkin' one of 'em across a mule's back

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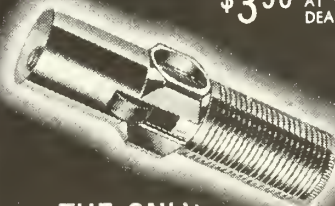


American Legion Magazine

May, 1947



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Veteran WW I ☐ WW II ☐

in de cotton field, but on dis boat, de Shark claim dey de pure-D sheets."

"Nawp," argued Bugaboo. "Rope 'is a rope. De sheets is dem cloth rags hangin' to them poles, catchin' de breeze. Dey jest like big bed sheets. Anybody's think you ain't never slept in no bed wid sheets on hit."

Bugaboo's reasoning sounded more convincing than Iron Man's memory. After all, the Shark had explained so much in such a short time, he could be mistaken about ropes being called sheets. "Maybe," he compromised with something that he did remember, "Us better trim on de vang. Hey, Shark, don't you want yo' ald vang trimmed a little bit?"

The Shark, at the wheel, raised his eye to the line that controlled the peak of the foresail gaff. "I'll give de command when I want somethin' done," he said.

Bugaboo and Iron Man exchanged surprised glances. The Shark's tone had been commanding and authoritative, and while not actually hostile, it certainly did not drool with the friendly, holiday spirit which had heretofore marked their relationship.

Iron Man hunched forward and took a harmonica from his pocket. He breathed sadly upon its reeds.

Bugaboo listened attentively. From the tune, he understood exactly what went on in Iron Man's mind about the Shark's sudden switch in attitude.

"Yeah," he agreed. "He sho' is."

The wounded feelings of the rousters were cured by physical action as the boat emerged into the lake. "Stand by to trim de main," commanded the Shark, and Bugaboo and Iron Man leaped to position. Within a few minutes the ship was close hauled and was skirting close to the shoreline.

"Y'all got to learn how to handle de wheel," the Shark told them. He glanced at the sky. "Unless de weather fools me, we gonter have to tack through de Rigolets." The Rigolets is a narrow passage that leads from Lake Pontchartrain, through Lake Borgne and eventually into the open Gulf of Mexico.

"Whar us gonter be when we git done doin' dat?" asked Bugaboo, still interested in traveling to places.

"In de Gulf er Mexico," said the Shark.

"When we git in de Gulf er Mexico, den whar we goin' at?"

"We sails about twenty miles due east," said the Shark, "and puts in at Biloxi. We ought to make port by noon, tomorrow, wind and weather willin'."

"Biloxi?" demanded Iron Man. "Shark, you said us was fixin' to go all de way to Alabama."

"We jest puttin' in at Biloxi to take on a hundred bar'ls er raws-lum," the Shark explained, lightly. "Den we goin' on to Mobile."

"Boy, you said hit wan't gonter be no totin'," Bugaboo accused.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Welcome to New York

CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
NEW YORK 7, N.Y.

FELLOW LEGIONNAIRES:

As Mayor of the City of New York and as a member of the American Legion, I was very happy to receive word that the 1947 National Convention of The American Legion will be held in New York City from August 28 through August 31.

We in New York City feel highly complimented by the selection of our home for this annual get-together. I am confident the members of the Legion and their families will find this city just as warm and hospitable in these days of peace as it was to all men during the days of war.

Members of the Legion and others who attended the National Convention in 1937 still recall the great parade which fascinated and astonished even the oldest residents who thought they had seen everything in the way of parades until the Legion came marching along.

We have the facilities in our city which will enable the Convention to function efficiently. At the same time we have recreational and amusement facilities which will enable our friendly visitors thoroughly to enjoy themselves. I will name a committee to work with the convention officers to arrange to make your stay one you will long remember.

We want you—particularly those who do not know us too well—to get better acquainted with our city and with the citizens of our city. I know you will find them friendly folks like your neighbors in your own cities and towns. When you come to New York just keep in mind that we are all neighbors, that we are very proud of our veterans, and that we are going to do everything we possibly can to help you to enjoy your stay here.

WILLIAM O'DWYER
Mayor of the City of New York

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Shark squinted at his crewmen. Maybe they were country boys, but they certainly weren't stupid. "You don't tote raws-lum," he explained. "A bar'l er dat pine tree juice is too heavy to tote. You got to roll hit. Now, one er y'all take de wheel whilst I do's about."

The Shark went below. A minute later he came up with a pistol strapped to his hip. Iron Man and Bugaboo saw, but said nothing. Bugaboo, at the wheel, kept his eye glued to the luff of the mainsail, and Iron Man leaned against the cabin trunk and began blowing upon his harmonica. The Shark assembled a few tools and began making an eye-splice in the end of a hawser.

After a long while, Bugaboo looked at Iron Man. "Go on and play dat old chain-gang song," he told him. "You been blowin' at hit ev'y since you det down."

Iron Man blew a work song, and Bugaboo sang:

If I had 'a knowed
My Cap'm was mean,
I would ha' stayed
In New Orleans

Close hauled and in light airs, the boat did little more than drift along the shoreline. The rousters alternated with steering and sleeping. The Shark kept busy with his splicing, but not too busy to shout an occasional order. At first, Bugaboo replied, "I ain't lovin' you, son." He and Iron Man thought that was pretty funny, but the Shark just glared.

Later, with Iron Man at the wheel, the Shark found occasion to call:

"Starboard, you fool! You's fallin' off!"
"I might be a fool, but I ain't fallin'," snapped Iron Man. "Cause when I falls, I'm gonter fall on you and learn you how to talk." And the way Iron Man said it, it didn't even sound funny to Bugaboo.

Late in the afternoon the Southern Railroad's crack train came roaring down the track along the lake shore, with whistle blowing and bell ringing.

"Hod-de-mighty!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "Walk hit, you salty dowg!"

Iron Man gazed dreamily at the speeding train. "Go on, train," he said, fondly, "I'm gonter ride you soon."

"Hey you at de wheel!" The Shark had never roared louder or more ferociously. "You done luffed up and lost headway! Now we's fixin' to drift ashore!" He sprang to the wheel and spun it furiously. Soon the little schooner caught the air again, and began sailing.

Then the Shark started to give his crew a verbal keel-hauling. He began with their ancestors, and talked of dogs and other uncomplimentary odds and ends.

"Hold on, son," Bugaboo warned. "You's fixin' to make Iron Man git mad. And when Iron Man gits mad, I can't hardly hold him."

"Look, country boy," growled the Shark, "dis ain't on de river. Dis is on de hight seas. And I'm de skipper on dis ship. And de law says de skipper got de right to kill anybody efn he don't do like I tell him to do, understand?"

"Yeah?" answered Iron Man, "What law say dat?"

The Shark patted his pistol. "Dis law say dat," he stated.

Iron Man looked inquiringly at Bugaboo. Bugaboo shook his head. "Nawp," he ruled. "Us done paid five dollars apiece to travel and have fun. Le's do like de Shark say."

Just before the schooner got to the mouth of the Rigolets, where the railroad and highway bridges cross, the Shark came from below with plates of stew, with bread and coffee. "Y'all better eat hearty," he told them, "cause de wind ain't fixin' to change and we got a heap er tackin' to do."

By the time they cleared both drawbridges and got into the Rigolets proper, the sun was down and night fell suddenly and completely. The Shark took the wheel

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American Legion Magazine

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and ordered his crew to man the push poles.

"We's sailin' hard and by," he explained. "When we hits shore, I'll th'ow her about, and y'all stand by in de bow to nose her to sea. Now, when I hollers, 'ready,' y'all git yo' poles on de bank, and when I yells, 'bout,' y'all start pushin'."

Bugaboo could not remain angry for long. "Don't you need yo' old vang trimmed up some?" he asked in a friendly spirit of co-operation.

"Man yo' pushin' poles!" ordered the Shark. "Ready—about!"

THROUGH the narrow Rigolets and the somewhat wider Lake Borgne channel the boat was worked in a series of short tacks. To a man of the Shark's experience bringing the little schooner through the narrow waters in the teeth of the wind and with a green crew may have been fine seamanship. But to the Mississippi River steamboatmen, it was nothing but hard work. As soon as the boat's nose was pushed from one bank, the other bank loomed up, dead ahead, and the thing had to be done all over again. And the work lasted so long! It was long past midnight when the Shark finally yelled: "Secure!"

"See which?" asked Bugaboo.

"We's in de open," translated the Shark. "Y'all kin drap yo' poles."

It had been long hours of dreary work, and it was well past the hour of bedtime for the roustabouts. They dropped their poles, and immediately sprawled upon deck for some sleep.

When they woke up, the Shark was at the wheel, his eye on the mainsail luff. But as they sat up and began rubbing the sleep from their eyes, they lost interest in the Shark. The sun was more than an hour high but it was almost obscured by a misty haze. The sails had been eased and the little schooner was bobbing and yawning before a light, following breeze.

Iron Man looked around. As far as he could see, in all directions, there was

nothing but green water with an occasional white cap riding a swell.

"Whar us at?" he demanded.

"You's in de Golf er Mexico," said the Shark.

He looked around the circle, once more, and shook his head. "Hit ain't as big as I figgered hit'd be," he decided.

Bugaboo started to say something but he changed his mind. He blinked his eyes rapidly, and swallowed hard. "I swear to my soul," he complained, lamely, "de Shark put some turpentine in my supper last night."

The little ship rode high on a swell, settled suddenly into the following trough and then slowly began to rise again. Iron Man blinked, and swallowed hurriedly and desperately. "Mine tastes like coaloil," he said, "wid maybe a drap er axel grease."

Then, as if by signal, both men crawled to opposite rails and did what no landsman has a right to be ashamed of doing when he's riding on the deeprolling ocean.

Medical science has its own theories about the nature of seasickness, its psychological and physiological causes and effects. There was absolutely no theory connected with the illness of Bugaboo and Iron Man. It was complete and thorough. However, at the end of an hour when both men were wrung dry, they sat up. They were weak and dizzy but comparatively free from nausea.

"Damn!" said Bugaboo, feebly. "People die off before dey gits half as sick as I'm is."

"You boys ain't sick," called the Shark. "Git up and stir about."

"Hunh?" demanded Iron Man, sullenly. His strength was gone but his anger was still there.

"We gittin' in de Biloxi Channel purty soon," went on the Shark. "Iron Man, you git forward and coil de port hawser, and Bugaboo—"

Iron Man felt his strength returning. "Who you speakin' to?" he demanded.

"I'm speakin' to you," snapped the



"Say, Mabel, aren't you carrying this a little too far?"

American Legion Magazine

Shark, "and when I speak, you jump!"

"Let me tell you somethin', little old Giner-Bread Boy," Iron Man told the Shark, "ef you got any speakin' wid me to do, you better speak regular talk. 'Cause I don't like dat port-and-starboard kind er talk. Onderstand?"

Bugaboo Jones had been around Iron Man too long and in too many tight jams not to know what to do when the talk got like that. He flattened himself on deck and began inching toward the Shark.

The Shark pulled out his pistol. "You's mutinyin' on de high seas," he accused. "Boy I c'd shoot you dead and feed you to de sharks for what you done already done. Now, git forward and coil dat hawser."

Iron Man calmly grinned at the menacing pistol. "Son," he said, "efn you was as smart as you is bad, you'd 'a filed de front sight offn dat pistol before you drew hit on me. Smart people always do's dat before dey pulls a pistol on me."

The Shark's eyes narrowed and his face fairly oozed meanness. "I'll blow a hole right through you," he said, raising the pistol.

But he did not shoot. Suddenly his right arm was paralyzed, and the gun dropped to the deck. Bugaboo had crawled around, unobserved, and practically fractured the Shark's arm with a terrific side-hand smack on the muscle.

Iron Man tossed the pistol into the sea, and Bugaboo made a rolling tackle at the Shark's knees, bringing him down, not too gently. Then Iron Man pinioned the little man's arms, spread-eagle fashion.

At first the Shark was too surprised to talk, but pretty soon he recovered. Unfortunately for him, he still was a sea-going skipper when he started talking. "Y'all is doin' a crime," he roared. "De Law is wid me."

"Hey, Law, come hyar and help de poor old Shark," chortled Bugaboo. "He look like he need somebody to help him, and he callin' on you, Law."

"Stop funnin', Bugaboo," commanded Iron Man. "Dis boy is fixin' to talk to me, right now. And what I mean, he's fixin' to talk regular talk." His big hand formed into a menacing fist and his arm began moving back in a manner that telegraphed a man-killing wallop. The Shark saw it and decided he wanted no part of it.

"What you want to talk about, suh?" he asked.

"A heap er stuff," said the Iron Man. "You's a dark boy. Did you ever plow a old jackass up and down de cotton rows?"

"Yeah," admitted the Shark, "when I was farmin' over in Baldwin County."

"Den, start plowin'," ordered Iron Man.

The Shark got the idea. "Gee, haw, git up, whoa."

"You don't mean, 'starboard, port, fore and aft,' do's you?" Iron Man asked.

"No, suh," said the Shark. "And us used ropes to hold de old jackass in de furrow wid, and when us got ready to turn him

around we made him turn around instid er comin' about."

"Dat's better," said Iron Man. "Now, tell me in dat same kind of talk how come I and Bugaboo be's ridin' and payin' you a dollar a day for board, instead of workin' and drawin' our wages and gittin' our board?"

"Dat was a mistake," admitted the Shark. "I figgered y'all was so country you'd never know de diffrence."

"Yeah," put in Bugaboo. "And how come you said de wind was gonter blow us to Mobile, and den made me and Iron Man pole dis boat all day and all night, and we yet ain't got to Biloxi?"

"And den you pizend our supper last night wid coaloil—"

"Wid turpentine," corrected Bugaboo.

"—so's we wouldn't eat de grub us done paid for."

"I'll give ye' money back," promised the Shark.

"And two dollars a day for two days wages polin' dis boat," added Iron Man.

"Mr. Prentiss don't 'low but a dollar a day," explained the Shark.

Iron Man made a fist once more. "You hired us," he said. "Not Mr. Prentiss."

The Shark saw the fist and pined. "In my hip pocket," he said. "My purse is at."

THE two roustabouts counted out their own money that they had paid for "board," and then took four dollars each for two days' wages. Then they released the Shark.

The Shark slowly and sadly got to a sitting position. Then suddenly he leaped to his feet, jumped to the wheel, and started yelling. "We're driftin' aground," he shouted. "Plum outn' de channel! Trim de main! Trim de main!"

Iron Man stared at him. "Do what to which?" he demanded.

"I say, please suh, pull dat rope down on de big sail, and den tighten up de yuther ones, too, please."

Bugaboo and Iron Man went into action. The sails were sheeted down hard, and the schooner headed back into the channel.

The activity cheered Bugaboo Jones. "Boy, we's cuttin' hit down," he exclaimed.

Iron Man took out his harmonica and blew one long, wailing sound, and then made a series of short wheezy noises through the reeds.

"You mean," demanded Bugaboo, "we's fixin' to ride dat old bell-ringin' whistle-blowin' train back to N'Awlins?"

A few minutes later, the Shark headed the schooner into the wind. The sails flapped, and he barked: "Stand by to drap sail."

But the schooner was within jumping distance of the wharf and that was all the two river men wanted.

"I'm a windin' ball and N'Awlins bound," shouted Iron Man.

"Don't you leave me hyar!" added Bugaboo.

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PARTING SHOTS

How Old is Kilroy?

TODAY'S GI's aren't setting a precedent when they scribble their names about. When paperhangers removed six layers of wallpaper in the Jim Walldrop home in Jonesboro, Ga., recently, they uncovered the names of a whole regiment of Union soldiers, put there during the Civil War.—By Harold Heller



Pocketbook of the Month

Here's my discharge photostatic, Snapshot dug out of the attic; Driver's license, poll receipt, American Legion dope, complete. What am I looking for? S'funny . . . The one thing that's missing—money!
Don Marshall

Free Service

At a large service men's center was a large sign which read:

CLOTHING ALTERED FREE OF CHARGE.
NO, NOT JUST A BUTTON SEWED ON BUT TAILORING OF BLOUSES, JACKETS AND UNIFORMS.

A soldier could bring in his bundle with instructions, and later on pick them up ready to wear. The service was most popular. Six women and two sewing machines were kept busy constantly.

One man kept bringing in huge bundles of assorted sizes. He explained that he was acting as messenger for his buddies who could not leave the post. But one evening the director of the club stepped into the hall just in time to see another soldier stop the "messenger."

"I just arrived in town. Is my blouse ready?"

"Yep," said the "messenger," "I've got it right here."

From the batch of clothing he had just picked up from the volunteers he selected a blouse and handed it to the soldier.

"That'll be three-fifty," he said.

The money changed hands.

Soon afterwards the free alteration sign came down.—By Lois G. Morrison

Undoubtedly

A survey of the magazines

On which my eyes have hovered,
Convinces me the Cover Girl

Is much more un—than covered.

Philip Lazarus

Who Could Say No?

A YOUNG Central American, anxious to become a U. S. citizen, was being formally questioned by a naturalization officer. The young man had studied hard, and knew all the answers—except the last one, concerning Old Glory.

"And what is it," asked the officer, "that you always see flying over the Court House?"

The young Latin thought for several minutes, and then said brightly:

"Pcejins?"

I Remember

"I'll bet you don't remember me,"

They greet, in hopes I won't.

I hate to disappoint them, so

I don't.

A. A. Lattimer

Score Zero

During the Marines' invasion and capture of Bougainville, a certain warrant officer seemed possessed by the desire to

win the Medal of Honor, or at least the Navy Cross.

Every time a patrol was sent out, he wanted to lead it. If the outfit was making an advance into enemy held territory, he made it a point to be out in front with the advance party.

One of his habits bothered the other men. Whenever a Jap plane came in on a strafing run, the warrant officer would invariably leap from cover and begin firing at the enemy aircraft with a sub-machine gun.

The warrant officer was finally cured of this obsession one day when several Zeros all came in at the same time. As usual, he charged out of his foxhole, machine gun in hand and started blazing away. Only this time a platoon sergeant followed close behind him, brandishing a club about four feet long.

"That's right, sir," shouted the sergeant above the noise. "You get the high ones and I'll get the low ones."—By Jack Lewis

Outward Sign

Looking at prosperous men.

On this thought I keep dwelling:

Success may go to one's head,

But the stomach shows the swelling.

John E. Donovan

Intercepted Mail

LETTER from a Bakersfield, Cal., sailor to his mother:

"Dear Ma: I joined the Navy because I admired the way the ships were kept so clean and tidy. This week I learned who keeps them so clean and tidy. Love, Junior."

This Was the Army

A RIBBON-BEDECKED Negro soldier, passing through an Army separation center, stated his name was: Jacksonbill.

"That's an unusual name," commented an officer.

"Oh," explained the soldier, "that's my military name. My real name is Bill Jackson!"—By Tom Gootée



How you talk through your hat



1880 A language of hats? It goes like this. Imagine yourself driving in a silk topper. In 1880 that would have tagged you as "Mr. Big." In this 22nd year after the name Corby's came to Canada, hats were a tip on worldly position.



1923 In the "Roaring Twenties" hats recounted a new story. Headgear told the world where you were going, what you were going to do. Floppy white hats symbolized golf, when the name Corby's went into its 65th year of Canadian fame.



1935 A careful observer might well have guessed that the man sporting a suave Homburg was definitely "city"—a commuter, and probably an Easterner. Hats said much 77 years after the name Corby's first won acclaim in Canada.

1947 Hats are still talking—they are a tip on who you are, where you're from. Try to spot the hats in this group that say, "New York"—"Chicago"—"Tulsa." Regardless of how you guess in this "hat game," the name Corby's is a sure choice for a light, sociable whiskey. May we suggest that you remember this grand old Canadian name when you order your next drink? Corby's has a way of putting new enjoyment into old favorites from the bar.

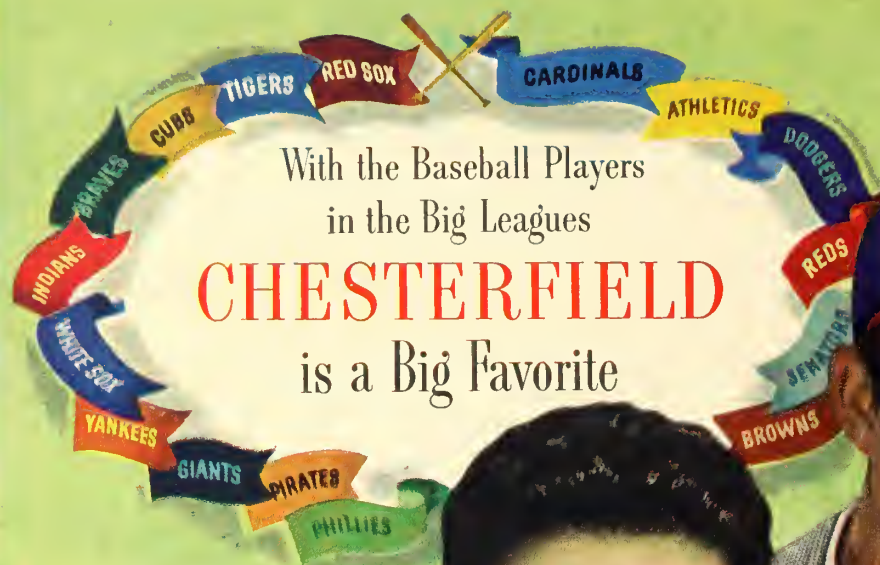


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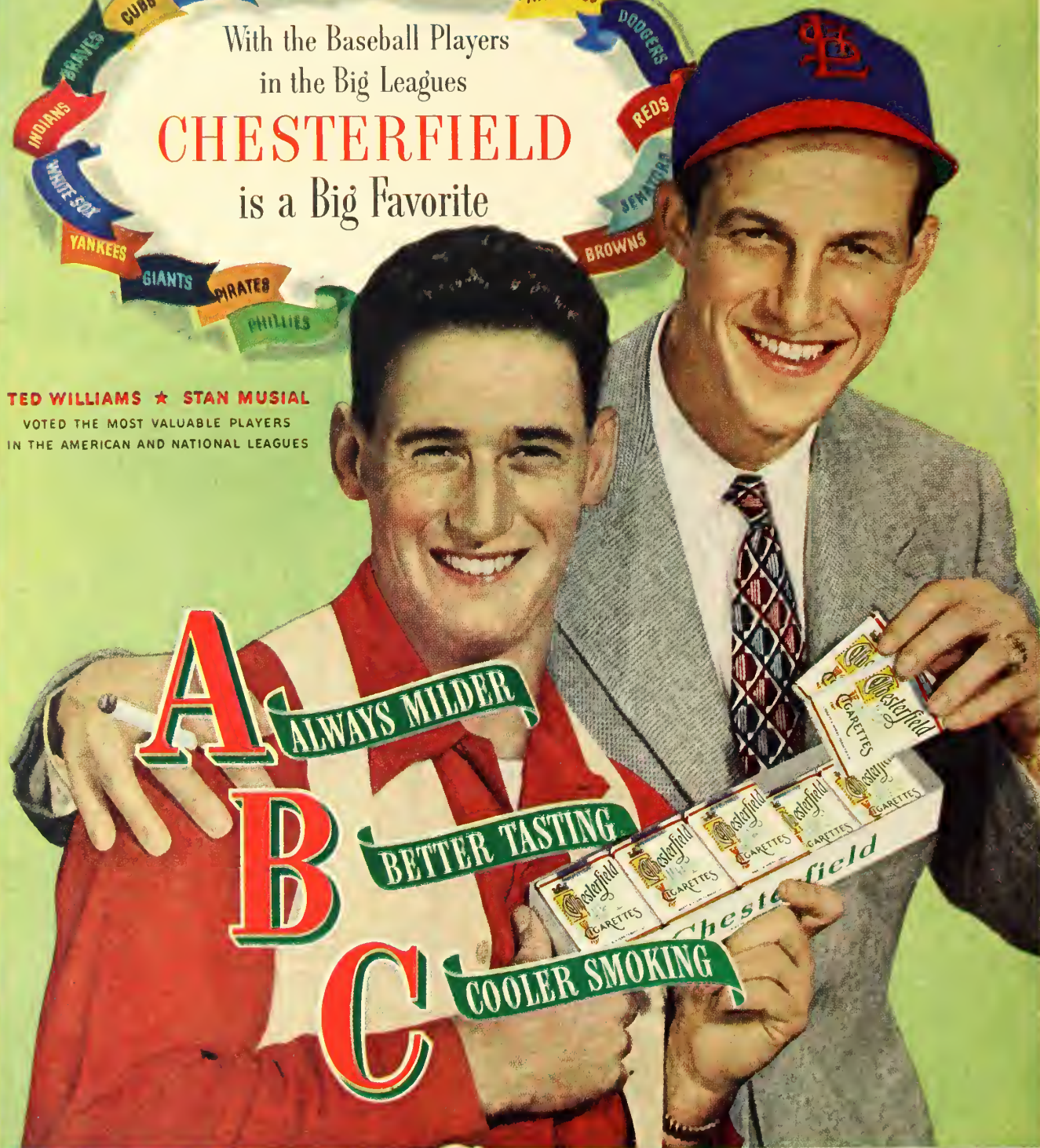


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